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A PILGRIM IN PALESTINE

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TO

THE MOTHER OF

GENERAL ALLENBY

PREFACE

A FEW nights before I left America for the Holy Land, she who was Eleanor Robson and who as Mrs. August Belmont has done such womanly valiant work for the Red Cross, gave me a copy of a letter written by a British "Tommy" out in Palestine to his wife in England. I have carried it to Palestine and back and from Jaffa to Jericho and from Beersheba to Dan; and now I make it my preface to this unpremeditated book which has grown out of some casual notes made especially for the "pastor":

"Ay, Dearie—When I comes home again and please God that will be soon now Dearie, the Pastor can't say nothin' to me Dearie about the Holy Land, but I'll have sommat to say to he. He only knows it from books and such like Dearie, an'

showed it on lantern slides—while all these days I'm here walkin' in holy places, an' knows 'em like Dearie, fightin' for 'em, which you would be surprised to know where I'm writin' Dearie. Ay! I'll have zommat to say to Pastor, so will close Dearie.—

"From your loving husband."

I've seen him out there walking in holy places. I've enviously seen him fighting for them. And now I have to thank him and his great leaders for making it possible for Christendom to walk again in its holy places free of the Turk. I assume to say this word of gratitude for Christendom because I was the first of pilgrims to follow "Tommy" into some of them, the first to walk the breadth and the length of the Holy Land after its deliverance.

I am consenting to the publication of these notes in the hope that they may help other pilgrims, and especially those who cannot in person go and on foot to these holy

places, to recover this little land again for themselves. More particularly, I hope that these pages may be found to have somewhat in them for the "pastor," of whatever creed, who can only know this land of his devoted daily traversing "from books and such like" and lantern slides; though I do not pretend to speak to him as a Biblical scholar or to vouch for the authenticity of all the local traditions which I unquestioningly accept.

But beyond this I should like, in gratitude to her who made Palestine the nearest other country of my boyhood, to help put upon the horizon of all America this religious homestead of Christian and Jew, of Catholic and Protestant alike; not alone that we may still learn of its ancient and sacred teaching but that we may too bring our glory into it.

JOHN FINLEY.

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A PILGRIM IN PALESTINE

I

THE WAY TO THE HOLY LAND

THE way leading to the Holy Land in the time of the Crusades was called the "Via Dei"—the way of God. It was a devious way, but if only it led toward the Holy City it was the "Via Dei."—For a little company of devoted and skilled doctors, nurses, social workers, and sanitary engineers, under the guidance of a young and capable surgeon who had taught for years in Syria, it led from New York City, in March of 1918, by ship around the Cape of Good Hope, to Ceylon, and by the Suez to Port Said, and thence by rail to Jerusalem. I cannot in this book tell of this crusade of mercy. It was my great privilege to join these crusaders in Egypt,

going myself a month later from the same American port by way of England, France, Italy, Albania, Serbia, Macedonia, and the Ægean Sea to Port Said. But from Egypt I found a swifter way than any crusader ever dreamed of. I found the "Via Dei" in the skies; and in two and one-half hours descended upon the foot-hills of the land which the children of Israel were forty years in reaching by their roundabout way.

"VIA DEI"

I

"Via Dei"—this the sacred phrase
By which they named the thousand ways
That led from palace and from cell,
From hut and shop and citadel,
O'er mountain, river, sea, and plain,
Through heat and cold and drought and rain,
Toward the Holy Land.

II

But with the wings of morning I
A "via Dei" of the sky
Have found amid the paths of light
Where airmen make their pilgrim flight
High in the heav'ns—the ways ne'er trod
Save by the glowing feet of God
Above the Holy Land.

III

O'er Pyramid and Sphinx we flew,
Dry-shod th' unparted sea passed through,
Crossed in an hour the wilderness,
Saw Sinai looming terrorless,
High o'er the gates of Gaza leapt,
And low across the plain of Sharon swept
Into the Holy Land.

IV

And then I saw Jerusalem
Lying an opalescent gem,
Or breastplate, 'mid the ephod's blue
And gold and purple ambient hue,—
A city from the skies let down
To be henceforth the whole earth's crown
Set 'mid the Holy Land.

II

GENERAL ALLENBY

BEFORE beginning my pilgrimage on foot in the Holy Land, I wish to make known to the reader the great soldier and man whose recovery of the Holy Land opened the roads to my going and whose interest in my journeys there made him my companion in the way—General Allenby, who was for the time being my Commander-in-Chief. I do not pretend to speak out of an intimate acquaintance with him nor as one to whom any confidences were given, but merely as one who saw him several times amid the dust of the road, or in the streets of the Holy City, or out at his Headquarters near Ramleh, in the days when the greatest event of all

the centuries of the Christian era since the first was being enacted and under his guidance; with a confidence, as he said to his troops August 4, 1918, "based on the justice of our cause and faith in the sustaining help of the Almighty."

I HAVE to begin by taking away from the reader a doubtlessly treasured picture of the great Commander-in-Chief entering Jerusalem. The immortal fact of the entrance I do not disturb. Nor do I touch the background of the picture which the ex-Kaiser provided when he caused a new gate to be cut in the thick walls of the Holy City, a few feet from the old Jaffa Gate, in order to signalize his own entry in 1898—a pompous entry which now seems so childishly, if not insanely vain. I found in a church in Jerusalem a

The First British arriving at Jaffa Gate, December 9, 1917.

photograph of the painting which the Kaiser had caused to be made of that entry, showing himself attired in the helmet and white garb of a Crusader, on a caparisoned white horse, riding at the head of a procession with imperial banners, an awed welcome being painted on the faces of the people.

When General Allenby entered it was by the same gate (for he declined to have the "Golden Gate" opened for him), on foot, and without so much as a single victorious flag. But—and this is why the picture in the memory of so many must be revised—General Allenby did not appear in the most conspicuous place. He modestly kept that position which was his according to British custom. It was an aide who marched first.

So it was that when I first saw General Allenby with my own eyes I had suddenly

to make over my own image of him. It was another man than the one whom I had pictured that greeted me at General Headquarters in the valley between the hills of Judæa and the sea, where the "embassies and armies of two continents had passed to and fro": of Thothmes and Rameses, Tiglath-Pileser, Shalmaneser and Sargon, Sennacherib, Necho and Nebuchadnezzar, Cambyses and Alexander the Great, Geoffrey, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Napoleon. Here I was face to face with the real Deliverer of the Holy Land.

I suppose that a German general impresses one first of all as a soldier, but—and it may be due in part to the semi-civilian British uniform—the English officer impresses one first of all as a man. When I saw General Allenby I did not think of this man of powerful shoulders, of high forehead, of the kindliest of eyes,

General Edmund H. H. Allenby, the Commander-in-Chief, at Headquarters near Ramleh.

of blunt, staccato speech, and of most genial manner, as a soldier. I was in the presence of a great human being. And it was so when I met Marshal Foch, in the days before he was a marshal.

It was at General Headquarters that I first saw General Allenby. I had driven over from Jerusalem with one of my Red Cross associates to spend the night with the "C-in-C," or the "Chief," as he is called by his officers and men. And I may at this distance confess that I went with some timidity. In the first place, I was not yet inured to my military title (and that was the only one by which I was known out there). In the next place, I had never had an acquaintance with the British beyond that of meeting a few of them visiting in America, and I was anticipating a frigid formality even in that semitropical and remote country.

But I soon forgot, in the warmth of the reception, that my host was a general and that I was not a civilian, that he was an overcritical Britisher and I a provincial American. We soon found ourselves fellow inhabitants of ancient Palestine—of the Old Testament land. And when we left the dinner-table it was to pore over George Adam Smith's "Geography of the Holy Land"—a classic which is more than a geography, a veritable epic poem in prose form—and then to turn to certain passages in the Old Testament.

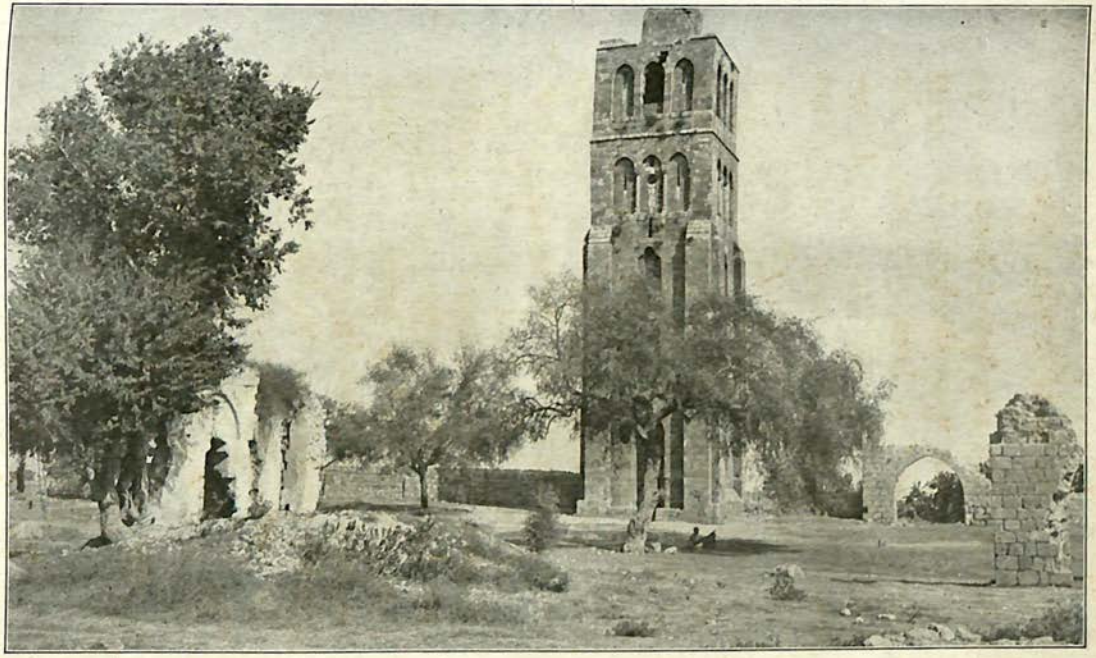
It is not the part of a guest to speak of what he has seen and heard at Headquarters, and certainly what was said that night was not intended for hearing beyond the walls of the old farmhouse, temporarily used as Headquarters; but I am sure that the Commander-in-Chief will let me share my memory of it with others, especially as it can give no comfort to the enemy.

I remember particularly that we read the thirty-fourth chapter of the Book of Isaiah, in which the utter destruction of this land (once the Land of Promise) was prophesied, when the streams should be "turned into pitch," when thorns "should come up in her palaces, and nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof." And I recall asking him, who had come up into the land by way of the Desert, whether the "pelican and the porcupine" were actually to be found there; what the "arrowsnake" was, and the "night-monster"; what sort of a cry the "satyr" made in calling to his fellow; whether "ostriches" still held court in the land, and jackals still "made it their habitation"? I discovered that he knew the fauna of this prophecy of desolation, and that he supported by a Bible dictionary his own theories as to the identity of these creatures, whose names varied in the different

versions. The prophesied desolation had certainly come upon the land. The "line of confusion" had been stretched over it for centuries. And the "plummet of emptiness" had touched even its valleys that once "flowed with milk and honey."

It was not many nights later that, within five miles of the very place where we sat reading this chapter in Isaiah, I heard in our Red Cross camp, within moonlight sight of the Crusaders' Tower that still stands in Ramleh, the mournful, half-human cry of jackals, giving literal confirmation of the prophecy. And another night I heard the same cry from hundreds, or so they seemed in number, out upon the sand plain just beyond the Jordan, near the place where the children of Israel must have crossed into this very Land of Promise.

But I read on into the thirty-fifth chap-



The Crusaders' Tower near Ramleh.

ter—the chapter of the prophecy of the Great Restoration, which was also seemingly coming to pass. And the imperious but modest man before me was the Restorer. In the habitation of the jackals grass was beginning to grow again; "glowing sands" had become pools. Waters had literally broken out in the wilderness and streams in the Desert. All the way up from Egypt, nearly one hundred and fifty miles, has the water of the Nile been led to break forth in the places of desolation.

There is an Arab legend which I heard often out in the East, that not until the Nile flowed into Palestine would the Turk be driven from Jerusalem—a picturesque way of intimating that the Turk would stay there forever (as in Virgil's First Eclogue a like prophecy was made, two thousand years ago, of the impossibility

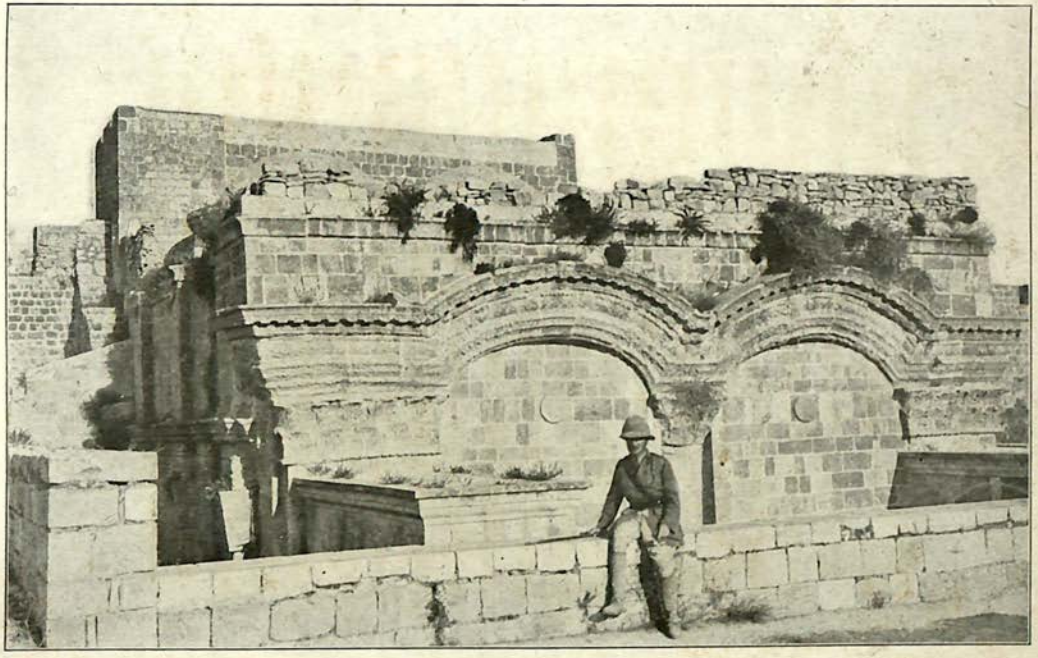
of the Germans reaching the Tigris). But the Nile now flows into Palestine, not metaphorically but literally. I have seen the plant at Kantara, where (under the direction of a Canadian engineer) the sweet water of the Nile is filtered and started on its journey through a twelve-inch pipe across the Desert toward Gaza. The mound of sand that protects it is visible a few yards from the railroad all the way from the Suez to the edge of Palestine. And the Turk has been driven from Jerusalem by the same forces that caused the water of the Nile to flow into Palestine.

I have wondered whether those who selected General Allenby for this command were influenced to the selection in any degree by his name. Not that there is need of reason beyond his surpassing technical and personal qualifications to lead this particular expedition. But it is a singular co-

incidence and a happy omen that his very name may well be interpreted to carry a prophecy of his achievement. I suspect that it is of Irish association, but an Oriental origin may easily be found for it in the euphonious union of two Arab words, "Allah" meaning "God," and "Nebi" meaning "prophet." So "Allah-Nebi," a God-prophet. And surely no one in the history of Palestine in the Christian era has come with a more Godlike prophecy. If it were not known that every movement of his campaign of deliverance was planned down to the last meticulous detail, what he has accomplished would seem a miracle, something of supernatural achievement.

It is gratifying that the Deliverer of Palestine is a man who exemplifies the qualities that civilization seeks to develop in mankind under free institutions, courage, courtesy, honesty—those qualities which our Justice

Holmes has summarized in the "adorable faith" of the soldier. And not only is General Allenby the sort of a man whom the civilization that had its cradle in the Holy Land would choose to represent it, but he has in turn chosen men of noblest, cleanest purpose and highest qualification to serve with him in helping the people of that land to come into the full fruits of justice and freedom. For example, the chief of the Occupied Enemy Territory Administration (for they do not call it conquered territory or British territory, and no flag did I see flying anywhere in Palestine except the Red Cross flag over hospitals), the chief of O. E. T. A., General Sir Arthur Money, who had been Chief of Staff under General Maude at Bagdad, is as high-minded, conscientious, and just a man and administrator as I have ever known. Another is General Ronald Storrs, military governor of



Colonel Ronald Storrs at the Golden Gate when making a tour of the walls of Jerusalem with the author.

Jerusalem, a highest-honor man at Cambridge, who has lived and labored and studied in the East for the most of his life since he left the university. He speaks Arabic and Turkish, besides the classical languages and those of modern Europe. And one morning I came upon him composing a New Year's greeting in Hebrew to the Jewish residents of Jerusalem. I have said again and again that I could wish no better fate for Palestine and the Holy City than that their people should be guided by such men as these till they reach their own self-determined government, and that even then they should have relation to the Christendom that has sprung from this land, through men of such liberal ideals and just and reverent spirit.

I invited the Commander-in-Chief, before I left him that June night in Ramleh, to join us on the Fourth of July in Jerusa-

lem, in opening our Red Cross headquarters and in celebrating incidentally our natal day. And he came, covered with the dust of the thirty-mile automobile journey on that hot July afternoon. We emphasized the fact that, while this was Independence Day, the birthday of the Daughter of England, we celebrated it now as "Interdependence Day." He, in response, with his curt, soldier speech, made the day memorable for Americans in that part of the world, and notable among the Fourth of July celebrations in all parts of the world. But, in compliance with a courteous intimation from Headquarters, no flag was flying over our building. There was to be no sign of any foreign nation in the Palestinian skies even on that day. This did not prevent, however, the intertwining of the emblems of the Allies inside the building, where the Commander-in-Chief, surrounded by

the representatives of France, Italy, and America, as well as by his own officers and by the heads of the various religious communities in Jerusalem—Moslem, Jewish, Greek, Latin, Armenian, and Protestant—illustrated the ideal state which I hope will some day rise to give more glorious fulfilment than that even of which Isaiah made prophecy in the chapter which I read with the General that night down at the entrance to the Plain of Ajalon—at Ajalon, where, I found, they so scrupulously depended upon known meteorological laws that they did not, as Joshua, count upon any supernatural intervention to stay the sun in its setting over the plain, but synchronized their watches three times in the day before going into battle in order to take full advantage of the sun and to make even the stars "fight with them."

But there was a more significant day in

my acquaintance with General Allenby than that in whose night I read the prophecy. It was the day in which one caught a glimpse of the Apocalyptic vision rather than of the Isaian. I was again at Headquarters. It was the morning of the 20th of September, when the army that had "dug in" fifteen or twenty miles north of Jerusalem, and had waited patiently for months, was at last advancing to the complete recovery of the Holy Land. (It was ready to make the attack in May, I have heard, and the day was set, but the exigencies of the western front demanded a sudden change, a transfer of some of the divisions, and the developing of a new army.) I had driven over from Jerusalem in the early morning in my Ford car. The "C-in-C" was outwardly placid and even playful; for a child, an American child, was at Headquarters, having just arrived by train that morning with

her mother, from Egypt, on her way to Jerusalem, and the Commander-in-Chief was for the hour the host. One could not have guessed that over the hills to the north the most momentous battle of all the Christian era in Palestine was being waged under his direction and in accordance with plans made to the last minutest detail. How momentous it was I did not then, of course, surmise. And when the General a few minutes later smilingly announced, as he came from his map-room, that his cavalry were at "Armageddon," I did not then give to the announcement the interpretation which came to me later, as I reread the chapter in the Book of Revelation, describing the gathering of the hosts on the Plain of Megiddo, which is in the Hebrew "Armageddon." I do not impute to the General this interpretation; but I think that what was happening that morning up on the Plain of Me-

giddo, as it is sometimes called, or Armageddon, or Esdraelon, was as fateful for the good of the world as that which is foretold with such striking analogies in the Apocalypse.

There has been no more completely successful campaign in all this world war, I suppose. An English military observer and critic has written more emphatically and unreservedly: "There never was a victory more absolute in the history of war. . . . It was a battle without a morrow." And certainly none more dramatic, with this wonderful background of scenery and sacred and secular history. "What a plain it is!" says Sir George Adam Smith, "upon which not only the greatest empires, races, and faiths, East and West, have contended with each other, and each has come to judgment." One has but to read his chapter on Esdraelon to see the mighty pageant that

has been enacted upon this plain since the days of Deborah and Barak.

It was out to the north of this Plain of Armageddon (Megiddo, or Esdraelon) that I next saw the Commander-in-Chief a few days later. He had sent me a message one morning to tell me that if I would wait, that is, postpone my return to America a few days longer, I might perhaps find it possible to walk to Dan (for I had already walked from Beersheba up to the old front). I acted immediately upon this intimation, starting out that very evening and walking all night to Jenin, the edge of the plain, then the next night to Nazareth, then on to the Sea of Galilee. It was on this walking journey that I saw the "Chief's" car go flying past me, he and his general so engrossed in the panorama that they did not see the pilgrim at the roadside. And I think I never saw a more enticing landscape than that

before me as I came down toward the Sea of Galilee that late afternoon. I was ready to say with the rabbis: "Jehovah hath created Seven Seas, but the Sea of Gennesaret [the Sea of Galilee] is His delight." I recall only one scene to put beside it in my own experience, and that was sunset over the Lake of Geneva in Switzerland. It has the colorful beauty of the Yellowstone without its awesomeness. And I have General Allenby in the foreground of that memorable Galilee landscape.

I tried to imagine what General Allenby's satisfaction must be in recovering for Christendom this crown of Palestine, this valley where the Great Teacher had spent most of his days on the earth, but when I saw him that evening in Tiberias, down by the sea, with his staff about him in a quiet comradeship, to which I was admitted for a few minutes, and tried to express to him my con-

tinuing congratulation on his masterful achievement, he extended his hand in a motion to ward off what I was saying, and at the same time to turn it toward his Chief of Staff.

I had a few days before sent my more formal congratulations by a special despatch-rider to Headquarters, where I supposed, however, they would be lost among the messages from all the world. I had included a bit of verse (to a melodious well-known tune) which I had written some weeks before as an intimation of my previctorian prayer and my feeling as an American. I told him that its publication down in Egypt had been forbidden by the censor (whether for literary or military reasons I could not be certain). To my surprise there came in acknowledgment a long letter in his own hand, in which he not only expressed his appreciation of my congratulations, but

explained the probable reason for the suppression of the lines. By the change of one word I have obviated this particular military objection:

ALLENBY, O ALLENBY

(To the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland")

I

(WRITTEN BEFORE THE ADVANCE)

O Knight of all the Earth's acclaim,
Allenby, O Allenby!
A prophet in thy very name,
Allenby, O Allenby!
Upon the "far-flung battle-line"
Thy soldiers fight in cause divine,
Deliverer of Palestine,
Allenby, O Allenby.

The stars that fought with Deborah
And Barak fight to-day with thee
Against the modern Sisera
Of iron-cross barbarity!

GENERAL ALLENBY

Would our own stars might fight there too,
Shining by day in field as blue
As were the skies that Barak knew,
Allenby, O Allenby!

The sound of marching in the trees
That led to David's victory,
Is borne again by every breeze
From Ephraim and Galilee.
It bids thee forward at its call
Till Moslem, Hebrew, Christian—all,
Shall be released from Teuton-thrall—
God lead thee on, O Allenby!

II

(WRITTEN AFTER THE ADVANCE)

And God has led thee on, O Knight,
Allenby, O Allenby!
In thy great battle for the Right,
Allenby, O Allenby!
The Earth's free nations now will bring
Their genius to its glorying
And they who sat in darkness sing
Fore'er of thee, O Allenby!

It was my great honor to be asked to accompany the Commander-in-Chief, with two of his generals and his aides, as he went up from Tiberias at dawn the next morning to Damascus. There was no formal entry, and, as I suppose, there had been no public announcement of his coming. He drove through the clouds of obscuring dust to the hotel (fitly named Victoria), where he was received by the temporary governor of Damascus, Colonel T. E. Lawrence, the young archæologist, an Oxford don, who had for the years of the war been living with the forces of the King of the Hedjaz, and had been their Allied leader. The Commander-in-Chief was then called upon by the son of the King, Feisul, who was to succeed this young archæologist; at any rate, when I reached the hotel I found a throng of the followers of the prince about the door, waiting the return of their leader from the con-

ference, and an hour later I saw them in front of the government building, where the first Arab flag was flying.

In another hour the pillar of cloud was leading us across the dusty plateau, back to the Jordan, where I was permitted to alight from the automobile and continue my Beersheba-to-Dan journey on foot, for the way was now clear all the way to the foot of Mount Hermon.

So I am able to say that I remember him, the great Deliverer of Palestine, who was for the time being also my commander-in-chief, "from the land of the Jordan and of the Hermons, from the hill Mizar."

I think that as a general he must have a forever glorious rank in the world's war. "He has revealed himself," to quote further the English military critic, "as a soldier second to none that we ourselves [the British] possess. Not only so. It is simple truth

to say that in brilliancy of plan, irresistible energy of execution, comprehensiveness and finality of success, no living soldier of any nation has surpassed this Battle of Armageddon—to give it what happens to be geographically its real name. What makes it absorbing to every student of war is that it was a case of a kind which hardly comes off half a dozen times in as many centuries. It was an idea which has been imagined and aimed at a thousand times for once that it has been actually done. It was in method and effect precisely the soldier's 'battle of dreams' which every famous leader has longed to realize some day, but which few indeed have ever compassed in practice."

But whatever glowing words may be spoken of him as a general, I am glad to be able to say of my own knowing, as I saw him out in the Holy Land, that he deserves as a man to take his place with the greatest

of those whose deeds are recorded in the book which we, together, pored over on that, for me, memorable night out in the Vale of Ajalon.

I saw him once more. It was the night of my starting home for America. I stopped to say good-by to the Commander-in-Chief. He entered the very door through which I had first seen him come on our Isaian night —and this was to be his last night in the old Headquarters, for he was moving northward in the morning. He asked if I had heard the news: One of their airmen flying above Palestine had caught the German wireless message that Germany was ready to accept the terms proposed by America. Some one of the little company said: "It is the end." And so this dramatic episode which will make an epoch for all the East came to its end. And the beginning of the end of the Great War with the Beast, I shall ever be-

lieve, was the advance of Allenby's men out upon the Vale of Armageddon.

Note

The official despatch from General Allenby to the British War Office, describing the last campaign in Palestine and Syria, was not published until after this chapter was written and in the hands of the publisher. I am, therefore, appending a summary of the despatch, that the reader desiring to do so may get a comprehensive view of this campaign, particularly as it relates to Palestine.

I quote first in part the editorial comment in the London *Times* of December 31, which presents his despatch:

We have to-day General Allenby's despatch on the decisive battles in Palestine—a plain and almost prosaic tale about the most spectacular operation of the whole war. Historians will dwell on it with

admiration and delight. Its object was achieved with artistic completeness. It gave almost unique opportunities to the cavalry and the air arm, and both took advantage of them. It was fought over country that enshrined the most sacred memories and traditions—whose familiar place names stir the deepest emotions of all who read the despatch. . . . No other Allied military conception during the whole war, in fact, was so symmetrical in its design, so naturally dramatic in its setting, so perfectly fitted in its execution to the highest hopes of its author. Yet General Allenby describes it as though it had been a mere matter of course—a thoroughly British trait, and with which no one will be overdisposed to quarrel.

. . . . . .

This ruin of the Turk in Palestine—swift, overwhelming, wholly complete—made it impossible for Turkey to continue the war. That was the reward of the autumn campaign fought by General Allenby, his men, and his Allied contingents—a campaign that was a model of perfection in the achievement of all arms, as brilliant in execution as in design.

But the world will remember, I think I may add to these words of consummate praise, not only that General Allenby put Turkey out of the war, but that he delivered Palestine.

The "plain and almost prosaic" tale that is told in the despatch is in outline as follows:

With the exception of a small and scattered reserve, the whole of the Turkish force [the Seventh and Eighth Armies] west of the Jordan, was enclosed in a rectangle forty-five miles in length and only twelve miles in depth. . . . The destruction of these armies, which appeared to be within the bounds of possibility, would leave the Fourth Army [east of the Jordan] isolated, if it continued to occupy the country south and west of Ammon. . . . I determined, therefore, to strike the blow west of the Jordan. . . . I decided to make my main attack in the coastal plain rather than through the hills north of Jerusalem. . . . The route along the plain would enable the cavalry to pass through the hills of Sa-

maria into the Plain of Esdraelon at the narrowest point, thus insuring greater speed and less likelihood of being checked.

By reducing the strength of the troops in the Jordan Valley to a minimum, and by withdrawing my reserves from the hills north of Jerusalem, I was able to concentrate five divisions and the French detachment for the attack of these defences [described as lying in the narrow plain, which is some ten miles wide at Jilgulieh, the ancient Gilgal]. . . . In addition to the infantry, two cavalry, and one Australian mounted division were available for this point.

The rains . . . usually commence at the end of October, rendering the plains of Sharon and Esdraelon impassable for transport, except along the few existing roads. Consequently, operations could not be postponed beyond the middle of September.

I entrusted the attack on the enemy's defences in the coastal plain to Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Bulfin, commanding the Twenty-first Corps. . . . I ordered him to break through the enemy's defences between the railway and the sea, to open a way for the cavalry, and at the same time to seize

the foot hills southeast of Jilgulieh. The Twenty-first Corps was then to swing to the right . . . and advance in a northeasterly direction through the hills, converging on Samaria and Attaro, so as to drive the enemy up the Meessudic-Jenin road into the arms of the cavalry at El-Alfule.

I ordered Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Channel, commanding the Desert Mounted Corps, also the Australian and New Zealand Mounted Division, to advance along the coast directly the infantry had broken through and had secured the crossings over the Nabr Falik. On reaching the line Jelameh-Hudeira, he was to turn northeast, cross the hills of Samaria and enter the Plain of Esdraelon. . . . Riding along the plain, the Desert Mounted Corps was to seize El-Alfule, sending a detachment to Nazareth, the site of the Yilderim General Headquarters. Sufficient troops were to be left at El-Alfule to intercept the Turkish retreat there. The remainder of the corps was to ride down the Valley of Jezreel and seize Beisan.

I ordered Lieutenant-General Philip Chetwode . . . commanding the Twentieth Corps, to advance his line east of the Bireh-Nablus road, on the night

preceding the main attack [the night on which Sir Philip was dining with me and excused himself early in order to carry forward the movement], so as to place the Fifty-third Division in a more favorable position to advance and block the exit to the lower Jordan Valley. I ordered him to be prepared to carry out a quicker advance with the Fifty-third and the Tenth Divisions on the evening of the day on which the attack in the coastal plain took place, or later as circumstances demanded.

The main difficulties lay in concealing the withdrawal of two cavalry divisions from the Jordan Valley, and in concentrating secretly a large force in the coastal plain.

To prevent the decrease in the Jordan Valley being discovered by the enemy, I ordered Major-General Sir Edmund Chaytor to carry out . . . a series of demonstrations with the object of inducing the enemy to believe that an attack east of the Jordan was intended, either in the direction of Madeba or Ammon. The enemy was thought to be anticipating an attack in these directions, and every possible step was taken to strengthen their suspicions.

At this time a mobile column of the Arabs, being

accompanied by British armored cars and a French mountain-battery, was assembling . . . fifty miles east of Amman. The real objective of this column was the railway north, south, and west of Deraa.

The concentration on the coastal plain was carried out by night, and every precaution was taken to prevent any increased movement becoming apparent to the Turks. Full use of the many groves round Ramleh, Ludd, and Jaffa was made to conceal troops during the day. The chief factor in the secrecy maintained must be attributed, however, to the supremacy in the air which had been obtained by the Royal Air Service.

. . . . . .

The operations which followed fall into five phases:

The first phase was of short duration. In thirty-six hours between 04.30 on September 19 and 17.00 [that is, 5.00 P. M.,] on September 20, the greater part of the Eighth Turkish Army, had been overwhelmed and the troops of the Seventh Army were in full retreat through the hills of Samaria, whose exits were already in the hands of my cavalry. [It

was on the morning of that day that General Allenby said to me: "I have just had word that my cavalry are at Armageddon."]

In the second phase, the fruits of this success were reaped. The infantry, pressing relentlessly on the heels of the retreating enemy, drove him into the arms of my cavalry, with the result that practically the whole of the Seventh and Eighth Turkish Armies were captured with their guns and transports.

This phase also witnessed the capture of Haifa and Acre, and the occupation of Tiberias and of the country to the south and west of the Sea of Galilee.

As the result of the rout of the Seventh and Eighth Armies, the Fourth Turkish Army, east of the Jordan, retreated and Maan was evacuated.

The third phase commenced with the pursuit of this army by Chaytor's force, and closed with the capture of Ammon and the interception of the retreat of the garrison of Maan, which surrendered.

The fourth phase witnessed the advance by the Desert Mounted Corps to Damascus, the capture of the remnants of the Fourth Army and the ad-

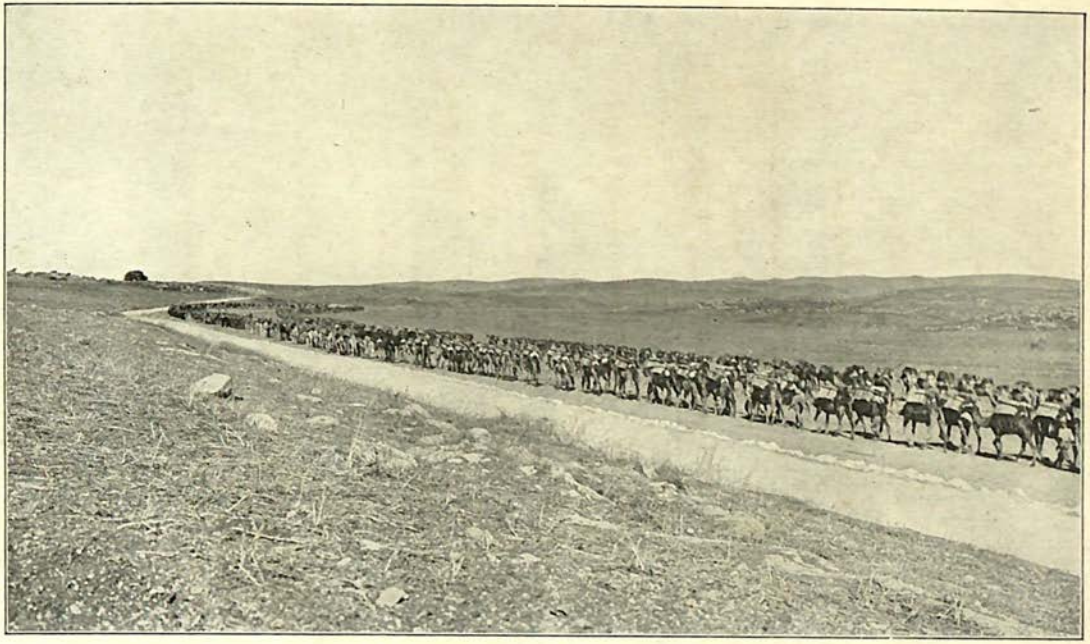
vance by the Twenty-first Corps along the coast from Haifa to Beirut.

In the fifth phase, my troops reached Homs, and Tripoli without opposition. My cavalry then advanced on Aleppo and occupied that city on October 26. Aleppo is over three hundred miles from our former front line. The Fifth Cavalry Division covered five hundred miles between September 19 and October 26, and captured over 11,000 prisoners and 52 guns. During this period the Fifth Cavalry Division lost only 21 per cent of its horses.

Between September 19 and October 26, 75,000 prisoners have been captured. Of these, 200 officers and 3,500 other ranks are Germans or Austrians.

In addition 360 guns have fallen into our hands, and the transport and equipment of three Turkish armies.

THE PILGRIMAGE



"Iambic, bearing each its mystic load."

III

THE CAMEL-TRAIN

MY thoughts of thee would be, if writ and scanned,
As trains of camels o'er the snow-white sand
Dawn-travelling toward the Holy Land
With slow and rhythmic feet,
Iambic, bearing each its mystic load,
Together making a majestic ode—
I but the blue-clad driver with the goad
Upon the swaying seat.

IV

ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1918

THIS mount seems to belong to the people of America as to all the rest of the peoples who go to pray on its summit and slopes. I saw it in my boyish imagination rising amidst the prairies of Illinois. I have seen it in my mature years looking sombrely down on New York City or standing as the shadowy Helderbergs on the horizon of Albany. And often in a summer's dusk it has crept with its solaces in among the dearest of all our mountains —the "White Hills" of New Hampshire. But now it is the mount not of my imagination but of my actual physical inhabiting from which I write. It is my suburban home where I spend nights after the busy

days down in the city. My feet touch the very ground on which He walked. My eyes see in the dusk the very outlines of the hills upon which He looked.

The Patriarch of the Greek Church, who at Easter comes forth with new fire from the tomb in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to set aglow the candles of the frenzied multitude, is a prisoner in Damascus. And so it is that I have been permitted by those of his Order to occupy his summer residence within the monastery walls on the summit of the Mount. British troops with horses are encamped just outside the walls on one side, and refugees from the hills beyond Jordan on the other, but within are only a few priests for fellow tenants, almost as silent as the shadows of the trees under which they stand or sit in their pious occupations.

A chapel faces the court with an encir-

cling inner wall as of an inner sanctuary. This wall carries inscriptions in Greek from the Bible, its entire circumference both inside and outside. In the midst of the court is a well with the sacred symbol over it. From this court one enters the Patriarch's chambers. I feared my Scotch ancestors within me might make protest in the presence of all the ritualistic emblems, and especially against my occupancy of the Patriarch's cot; but they were, after much argument, reconciled and forgot their differences in their approach to this hallowed place (though I am bound to say that the denominational partisanship of many seems to be intensified at this source of three of the world's great religions).

A garden with olive-trees and vines and cypresses gives wide borders to the monastery, extending from one side of the summit to the other. At the verge away from Jeru-

salem one looks down upon the Dead Sea, three thousand feet below and fifteen miles away, though it seems so near in some lights that one could throw a stone into it. The white stretches of the Jordan Valley reach up among the hills and give weird setting to the mountains of Moab beyond—the mountains from one of whose lonely heights Moses himself looked across the "Promised Land."

My first night on the Mount was fortunately the night of the full moon—the harvest-moon; at any rate it was at this very time of year that Boaz was gathering his harvest in the field near Bethlehem which I had visited that very day in search for the children of a dying woman who was lying in the hospital—children whom we found in the last little hut in Bethlehem down toward the field.

It was late when I started for the Mount from my place down in the city, and I hurried to reach the summit before moonrise. So it was that I took the shortest course, which led me through the Damascus Gate and through the gloom of the Via Dolorosa, a dark, rough, and sorrowful street by day but a more woeful one by night. There was but one lamp burning its entire length. One needs torches as that company of long ago to make one's safe way and to identify the stations of His agony along the dolorous way. The arches, gates, and flying buttresses which give character to the street by day make it seem a way of sepulchres by night, and the few stray persons I met or passed as wanderers among the tombs. When I emerged at the lower gate, called the "Lady Mary" Gate, I was actually among the graves outside the wall, but the starlit sky stretched wide overhead and I

Via Dolorosa. Mount of Olives in the distance.

could easily distinguish the brow of Olivet before me. From below rose a sound as of falling water, as if the Brook Kidron, dry at this season, were suddenly in flood. But it was only for a moment that I could deceive myself, for almost immediately I recognized it as the sound of innumerable hoofs upon the hillside road that runs between the city walls and Gordon's Calvary. Were they the hoofs of Solomon's spectre horses whose seemingly empty stables I had seen a few days before beneath the Temple Area? It was only a moment later that this illusion of my archæological evoking disappeared and that I saw the black line of living horses with their British riders, who might have been thought Crusader Knights of the Middle Ages, except for the low-voiced fragments of very modern songs into which one or another of the riders broke forth. But they were Crusaders none

the less and as devoted and fearless as ever were their brothers of the earlier age.

I threw myself into the dark stream and was swept by its current down to the black depths of the Vale of Jehosaphat, where its course turned off to the right, encircling the Mount. There I took the narrow camel road and footpath to the left, leading to paths that became white farther up the slope. But before beginning the ascent, I paused for a little between the walls of the Gethsemane Gardens to see the shadowy procession pass on—on out of this valley into the "valley of decision," like the stream which Joel saw issuing from the Holy City to water the valley of his dreams over toward Moab. As I saw face after face silhouetted against the sky as full of stars as ever I have seen a sky, I wondered how many would come singing back along that same road from Bethany around Oli-

vet, and how many would find their Calvary down in that valley, in the cause for which they were riding into the night.

I was an ashamed spectator standing there at the Gethsemane Gate, feeling that we had been sleeping when we should have been watching, when we should have been preparing for defense against the German Judas who had professed devotion to the teachings of Him who spoke the Sermon on the Mount. Did not the great German Hospice stand most conspicuously on the Mount that its pilgrims might dip their bread in the very sop of the Master's dish? And do not the towers of the German churches stand out most prominently (and offensively) in the Inner City? One can but think of those of Christ's time who stood upon the street corners and prayed that they might be seen of men, as one sees

these Pharisaical towers. And the blasphemous paintings on the ceiling of the "Stiftung" fill one with the righteous prayer that some day this building may be used to metal the road over which the ambulances and lorries creep along to and from the front.

The passion of Peter rose in me as I stood there. A mounted officer came back from the column and peered with suspicious eyes at me till assured by my Red Cross uniform of my sympathy, he joined his command and rode on. If only he could have known of my desire to change places with him or even with one of his men, and have part in freeing the Holy Land from the tyrannies of both Teuton and Turk, he would not have taunted me by his look as one who stood by the fire and warmed himself as a neutral when that to which he had

made loud professions of loyalty was in peril.

America! You must send not only the Red Cross to this front. You must send that which Christ said he came to bring—a sword. Gloriously as you are fighting at the other end of the line, you should make common cause with the forces of justice against the demons of cruelty here—you must have a part in the redemption of the Holy Land.

I took the narrow way between the high walls of the several Gethsemane Gardens, each of which wished to keep exclusively the memory of his sacred presence, but wishing myself that all these walls were razed and that all, Armenians, Greeks, and Latins alike, would merge their gardens into one garden that would beautify the

whole hillside, instead of fencing each their little tract and leaving the greater part of the hillside as bare and broken and desolate as a bit of "No Man's Land." Perhaps it was because of this, because no one claimed as his particular garden that rough, stony, barren, unoccupied bit of solitude near the city that as I climbed by one of the white tortuous paths up from the Kedron, I found the Christ more consciously there than inside the formal gardens with their walled and ritual beauty. Moreover, I agree with those who hold that our Lord must have gone higher up the hill, a little farther apart, a little more remote from the noise of the city and of the highway, for his meditations.

When I reached the summit of the Mount, not far from the traditional place of His ascension, the full moon was just rising over the ever-mystical mountains of

Moab. They seemed to hang as a veil below the eyes of the sky (after the mode of some of the Orient women), with the sheen upon the Dead Sea showing as a bit of broidery below the veil and above the shoulders of the hills of Judah. One could hear the trumpeting of the guns that had made the modern and wall-less Jericho to fall, and that were now advancing toward other cities which under other names than those that they now bear met like fate at the hands of the ancient "Desert Corps," who had spent forty years wandering in the wilderness between the Jordan and the Nile. But except for this occasional sound of distant thunder and a flashing as of heat-lightning in the cloudless sky, the valley had hidden behind its hills all signs of war, and seemed to have upon it the peace of near-by Bethany, just under the Mount, which He often sought.

But the other verge of the Mount soon called me away from the moon's temptation of the wilderness to look upon the Holy City, which the same light had converged into a white, silent dream of the hot, dusty, huddled, and not too clean city that I had left an hour or two before. The shadows of the Mount were still upon Gethsemane and Kidron, but the city was sitting like an angel in white beside a tomb—an empty tomb.

It was the morning, however—the morning after a night on the Mount, with no sound but of the wind unceasingly sorrowing—that gave, by the miracle of its first light, a vision of the city such as one might have to wait years to catch again. I had waked (literally at the crowing of the cock) at dawn, had seen the sun come up over Moab, whose dim ridge was now surmounted by a great plain of golden cloud

Jerusalem as seen from the Mount of Olives.

or desert beyond, and then had hastened to see the city lying in the new light. I was disappointed, for a mist was sweeping up from the valley, completely blotting out both the dusty city of the day before and the white city of the night before (the only reconciling circumstance of the moment being that the outwardly abhorrent and inwardly blasphemous German building on the neighboring summit of the Mount was also obliterated. This building, in which the ex-Kaiser is represented in the ceiling of the chapel in a companion panel with Deity, in which the Psalmist is painted with the moustache of a German general, and in which the ex-Kaiser is moulded in a figure of bronze as a Crusader. The city had disappeared as if the statement of the Master as to its rebuilding were to be literally tested. Not one stone stood upon another. Not one structure of man's build-

ing remained. Nothing was to be seen save the very crest of the hill back of the city, to which no houses had ascended, and it seemed suspended in mid-air, after the manner of the rock on Mount Moriah.

But even as I looked toward the place of the ancient and holy city, the gray curtain of mist or fog parted as if drawn aside by invisible hands. A golden rift immediately over the city—over the Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself—slowly widened, till in a few minutes there stood as in an Apocalypse before me, a city shut away from the outer city, and from all about, as if rebuilded in the golden and jewelled image of itself, or as if actually let down from heaven—a celestial city "having the glory of God" upon it, with its "great high wall" and its gates open to the nations with their gifts of "glory and honor."

I had asked an American who was giving

a splendid service on the Palestine front to spend the night with me on the Mount, but he had not come. I was rather glad of it when I saw the fog in the valley hiding everything, but I now regretted that he was not with me to bear witness to this miraculous epiphany. I had no camera, and no camera could have caught the full glory of it. But it was not of my imagining. I hurried down the Mount, however, without looking again at the city, wishing to keep the vision of it as I had seen it come out of the cloud.

A refugee was going down the same footpath toward the city gate. I looked into his face as I passed to see if the light of the vision I had beheld was upon it, but the effulgence of my Apocalypse had evidently faded into the common light of day, or his eyes were holden that he could not see. This sight of Jerusalem given to me in such

dramatic way will always remain as an intimation of that which Americans, in common with all who are fighting for justice in the earth, must help to bring into this Holy City. Many that make abomination and lies in the world have entered in the past, but under the British Government it is being cleansed, and prepared for the genius of the nations, and especially of those whose religions found cradle here—Moslem, Jewish, and Christian—to adorn it, make it the most beautiful city on the planet and give it most fit setting amid the mountains round about it—"as the stars of a crown glistening upon his land."

Here is a prayer that comes to one's lips on the Mount of Olives, and that may be helpful to those who can but look toward this place of radiant dawn and of glorious twilight:

ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

O Thou whose feet upon the mountains of Moab are beautiful with the golden tidings of a new day, who dost walk upon the sea with sandals of silver and dost hasten across the desert hills, which Thou makest to glow as jewels, on Thy way to this mountain of light where Thou didst often meet Thy Son when on Earth. Here shall I come each day though far away, on sea or land, to meet Thee on this holy hill, and do Thou go with me to the day's work in whatever city it lies, near or far. Help me to do it, whatever and wherever it be, in the spirit of Him who prayed here.—AMEN.

V

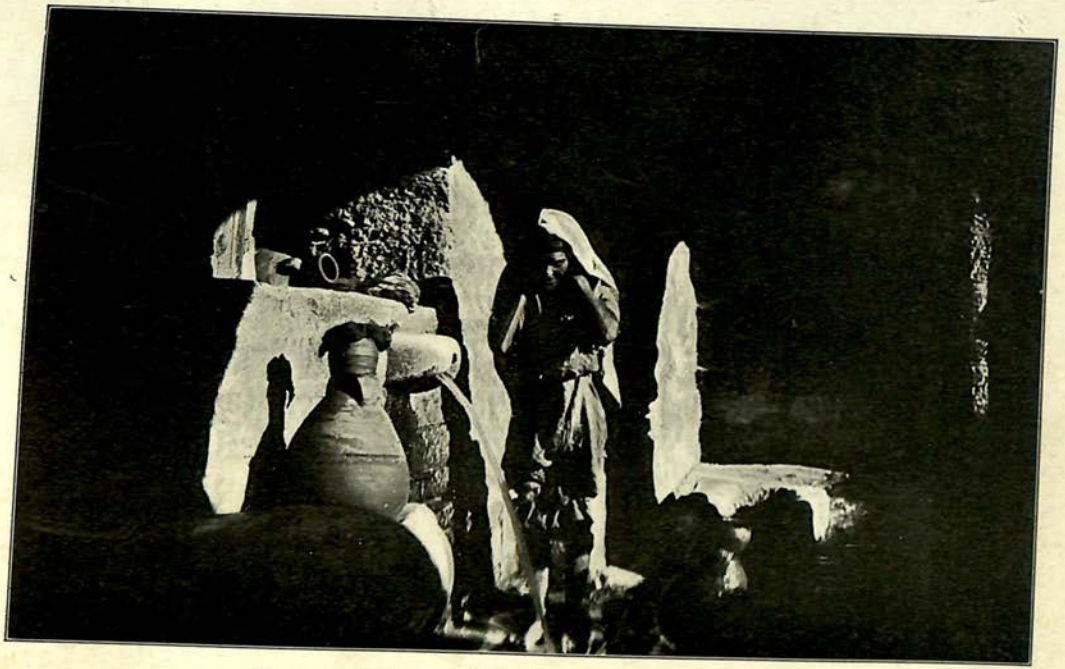
AIN KARIM

(Meaning the "fountain of mercy," at the traditional birthplace of John the Baptist, where Mary came to visit Elizabeth after the Annunciation.)

O SPRING of Mercy, that for untold years
Has flowed unceasing from these sacred hills
O'er which the Virgin hastened as she went
To tell her secret to Elizabeth,
Singing her wondrous canticle of Him
Who "hath put down the mighty from their seat,"
Who "hath exalted them of low degree"
And showeth tender mercy unto men.

. . . . . .

Here did she come with balanced jar,
Here bathe her face and feet as she who stands



Woman at the Spring of Ain Karim, reputed home of Elizabeth.

AIN KARIM

To-day before the splashing, sparkling
stream
Ere lifting to her head the living gift.

. . . . . .

Water of Life was He who came of her,
The heart's own proof of that same lasting
love
Which flows from sources pure and infinite
And knows nor time nor circumstance—
Only man's thirst for the immortal thing,
Eternal life with everlasting love.

Divine Ain Karim, I would drink of thee,
And so have life and love eternally,
E'en though my body lie in lonely grave
Deep in some cypress-mourning vale of
earth,
As they of British mothers born who died
Regaining hills that first knew Mary's
Son—
But life with love, for endless life alone
Were an eternal death, or deathless hell.

Jerusalem, 1918.

VI

FROM JAFFA TO JERICHO

SO great are the distances between two oceans in the United States that Palestine when seen by Americans will seem pitiably small—insignificant in area and natural product. From the top of a hill outside Jerusalem one can see both the Mediterranean Sea and the Dead Sea. For Palestine is not as wide as the State of New Hampshire, which I have crossed on foot in a day. It was the memory of this walk across New Hampshire that perhaps suggested traversing Palestine in the same way. Or was it, after all, the impulse which has driven hundreds of thousands, and even millions, over the same road in the two thousand years of the Christian era, that made me wish to travel the whole

sacred way on my feet? At any rate, the longing of the first weeks, encouraged by memories of White Mountain walks of sixty and seventy miles, has had its satisfaction in accomplishment, and now has its memories as I look out from the Mount of Olives across the westward mountains through which I made my pilgrimage from the sea that lies toward America, and across the eastward wilderness through which I reached the other edge of the Holy Land.

This pilgrimage (for "pilgrimage" it was, and no ordinary walk) had a fit and glorious preparatory night out near Jaffa, one of those perfect Holy Land nights when the stars come nearer earth—such a night as that in which David must have walked when he came from playing to the mad spirit of Saul, when "the stars of night beat with emotion." I slept in a tent on the very edge of the cliff overlooking the sea

(as close to it as one could lie without danger of falling into the sea). The sound of the waves was as that of the wind in the trees of the Mount of Olives, which is seldom quiet.

And the "pilgrimage" had also a fit and glorious morning. The sun was received as he came resplendent and burning from the very moment of his appearance on the farthest Judæan mountain, by the sound of bagpipes (for I was with the famous "Black Watch" on this the fourth anniversary of the beginning of the war). And the timbrels of Miriam or the sackbut and psaltery of David could not have made more stirring noise unto the Lord of the Day. But it was only the preface to a service more memorable and impressive to me than even that which I attended in Edinburgh at St. Giles's the Sunday after the beginning of the war, when I sat beneath St. Gaudens's

"Stevenson," saw the city councillors in their scarlet going in procession with the clergy, and heard the solemn and moving prayers for the men who were going out to Flanders. And here they were still fighting on a line stretching all the way to the edge of the Desert of Arabia and the Valley of the Euphrates—to the very cradle of the race. The Highlanders stood in a hollow square opening toward Jerusalem, with the sea close at their backs. They sang the ancient hymns of the church (among them "O God, Our Help in Ages Past"), bowed to the prayer of the "padre" (as every chaplain is called), and listened with real interest, and not simply from Scotch habit, to his stirring but calm and simple sermon. The colonel had said that the "padre" was a "topper," and that he would "give me a —— good sermon." And the padre rose to his reputation. He read for the Old Tes-

tament lesson the sixth chapter of the Second Book of the Kings, which tells the story of Elisha and his servant who found themselves surrounded by an army out on the plain of Dothan, not fifty miles away; and for the New Testament lesson the description by St. Paul of the Christian soldier. He took for his text the verse from the Old Testament lesson (the words of the prophet to his panic-stricken servant whose eyes were suddenly opened to see the "horses and the chariots of fire round about Elisha"), "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." His sermon was punctuated by reports from the guns not far away, but it had a startling climax when, just as he was coming to its close, an aeroplane flying overhead toward the enemy's lines, appeared as a "chariot of fire" in the morning sun. The young Scotch minister, standing before

these men facing the fifth year of the war, was as the ancient prophet who, not fifty miles (but more than twenty-five centuries) away, beyond Shechem, on which the army was now advancing, made visible the celestial army; for he too made every man feel that the invisible forces of right were fighting with them—a faith that was strengthened by the message which came from the Commander-in-Chief that morning expressing his "hope and confidence based on the justice of our cause and faith in the sustaining help of the Almighty."

The pilgrimage upon which I set out later in the day had been made by thousands, but at a pace suggested by the etymological derivation which Thoreau in an essay on walking has given to the word "saunterer" —one who goes "à la Sainte Terre," a "sainte-terrer," a "saunterer." My pilgrimage was no sauntering, as will be in-

ferred from the fact that I made the journey from Jaffa to Jericho, walking every step of the way, a distance of somewhat more than sixty miles as I walked, in twenty-two hours, elapsed time, or in between eighteen and nineteen hours in actual walking time. I have no doubt that Peter, hastening in the opposite direction toward the house of Tabitha or Dorcas, walked as fast, unless indeed he rode on a donkey. (I actually met an American Red Cross doctor going like Peter from Ludd to minister to some one in Joppa, but in a Ford car). Many a Middle Age Crusader doubtless travelled over some portions of the road in double-quick time, advancing or retreating. And no doubt many a traveller on the road to Jericho hurried over other portions of the way to escape the fate of the nameless one who has made the "good Samaritan" immortal. But I think that neither dis-

ciple, Crusader, pilgrim, nor sightseer (the last category being now no longer on the roads) usually went at this pace, or at any rate the whole way. Certainly the gait of pedestrians of to-day is more leisurely. I passed scores, and indeed hundreds, on the road, soldiers, fellaheen, Egyptian laborers. But I was alone till the darkness came on, when I became conscious not only of the moving presence of spirit pilgrims out of the past—of ancient warriors from Joshua's time, for Ajalon and Beth-horon were among the foot-hills, and of Crusaders, for the great tower of Ramleh stood for a time in majesty against the afterglow in the western sky, but also the living pilgrims of the night. Pushing along in the darkness, dimly luminous with the stars (and nowhere have I seen more beautiful nights than in Palestine), I would suddenly become aware that a procession of some sort

was passing in the muffling dust of the earth road on one side or the other of the white metalled road in which I was walking. Bending low to get the forms against the sky, I would discover now that it was a train of camels with their mysterious burdens, or perhaps a pattering procession of pack-donkeys. Again it would be a body of Egyptians of the great "Egyptian Labor Corps," which is giving such valuable service in building and maintaining the roads and other public works, going from one camp to another. Then the creaking of heavy wheels, or the clanking of harness, or the tramping of shod feet, or the quiet singing by a "Tommy," would tell of another sort of procession to or from the front line, the flashes of whose guns were almost continuously illuminating the northern sky like heat-lightning. At one time I came upon many East Indian soldiers, in twos

and in small groups, walking in the same direction with me in the metalled road. A little later I overtook large groups of these picturesque figures—who seem detached and mystical even by day, but as inscrutable as men from Mars in the darkness, which was not deep enough to obscure their differences from the man of the Occident. I found as I walked on, passing one sedate and silent group after another, that they were but the tired "stragglers" from the column ahead. It took well on to an hour to reach the vanguard of this column so long was it—and so tired was it when I came to the very head of it that the men were lying down in their tracks in the white road, and evidently with as much comfort as if lying between white sheets on mattresses. I was not yet sleepy or tired myself, though I learned that they had started at the same hour as I and several miles this

side of Jaffa. (A few hours later I was finding the rough stone coping at the side of a bridge a very welcome and as comfortable a bed for a few minutes as they the roadbed itself, with its coverlet of dust.) I found the commanding officer, a fellow colonel, who offered me the courtesy which is universally characteristic of the English officer. (In all my travels, on foot, by train, or by car, I have known but one exception.) I then had a clear road alone for the rest of the night, except for the fellaheen with their camels or donkeys. Or almost alone, for shortly after passing the Indian column and saying good-night to their English officers, I became conscious that some one was following me at a good pace on foot. I did not wish a companion, and so I quickened my gait, only to find that he was still close upon me. Faster and faster I went till I reached the camp

at Latron, where I stopped for water. I was led back some distance from the road by the hospitable guard to a spring, as I supposed, but, as I found instead, the "fantasia," the universal fountains, the great rectangular cans such as the camels carry by thousands. (I estimated that if the "fantasia" that I saw on another journey, borne by one camel-train, were put end to end they would make a pipe-line or aqueduct nearly a mile long.) But while I quenched my thirst the mysterious figure, in costume that appeared to be white or very light, disappeared. I afterward learned that the place where I stopped was the traditional birthplace of the "good thief," canonized as St. Dismas. Indeed a church stands somewhere in the deeper shadows of the hill just back of the camp. I suspect that my fellow traveller and follower was only the shade of Dismas walk-

ing in penance the path of his prepenitent nights, and that he turned in to his shrine for the rest of the night. At any rate, I continued alone my journey across the Valley of Sharon, its night-air pungent with an aromatic fragrance. But if there were roses growing in Sharon they were gray roses, for the dust was deep upon everything.

As I neared the foot-hills I followed the example of the Indian soldiers, choosing, however, as I have said, the coping of a stone bridge for my mattress and pillow. I would better have laid myself down on the road, for when I was wakened a few minutes later by a camel-bell I found that the cover of my canteen had fallen off into the wady (brook) below, and that all the water had followed it into the dry bed of the brook. The thought of four or five hours ahead without water only increased

my thirst and made me sympathize with the genii of the wady, who receive not a drop from the skies or hills for months. But they must have been grateful for the drafts from my canteen, and have found a way to show their gratitude, for a little way up the pass through the lower hills, when I was about famished for a drink of water, I overtook an Arab boy with two donkeys (on one of which he was mounted) and two camels. By signs I made known my thirst, whereupon he dismounted and led me to a place at the roadside from which he dipped cupful after cupful of as delicious water as I ever tasted. (I found on a later journey that this was a stone basin, or cistern, which is daily filled from a spring near by.) I wish that I had asked the boy his name that I might have thanked him more adequately and tangibly. However, he will have from a higher source the

reward promised to those who give a cup of cold water in the name of Christ. He was certainly a Christ-soul boy. He was insistent that I should mount either one of his donkeys or camels (making a fork with his fingers to suggest the straddle). I declined as kindly and gratefully as I could, with no such effective symbolism available, and passed on. A half-hour away I could hear this Arab youth below me singing his happy but plaintive song as I was mounting through the olive-groves (where it is said David once lived when fleeing from Saul) to the heights of Enab, that was once known as Kirjath-jearim, where for twenty-five years the Ark of the Covenant rested in the house of Abinadab.

I missed the main road at the top of the hill and found myself on a rocky path down into the valley on the other side. If the ark was taken down this path, I can under-

stand why the oxen stumbled, and why Uzzah put out his hand to stay the ark—an act for which one feels with David that Uzzah should not have been smitten. There is a threshing-floor not far beyond, the first that I had seen in Palestine on my first journey into Jerusalem, and I have wondered whether the primitive threshing with the unmuzzled ox had gone on season after season on that same floor since the time of Joshua and David. Perhaps it was the very threshing-floor of Nachor near which the oxen stumbled. At any rate, it must have been through this very valley that the ark was borne toward Jerusalem, with the playing on instruments of fir-wood, with timbrels and castanets and cymbals. Somewhere beyond, it was left (because of the untoward incident that angered David) in the house of Obed-Edom, where the three months' blessing fell upon all his

household, while all the house of Abinadab mourned the loss of Uzzah.

It was to be a valley of expectation and disappointment when I first passed through it by day, for I expected to see the Holy City gleaming below when I reached the height at the farther side of it, but I was disappointed to find, when I reached the summit, that there was still another range of hills that kept the City another hour or two from my view—a real disappointment, though my pilgrimage had taken more years than the Children of Israel wandered in the wilderness—that is all the years of my life—the wilderness of which I was having the first glimpse in seeing the faint mountains of haze toward the east.

But the next intervening valley, whose farther wall makes one of the "mountains round about Jerusalem," is so beautiful as

Road to Jericho. Mountains of Moab in the distance.

to help one forget the disappointment of the Kastel hill. In this valley it was that Mary came to visit Elizabeth near the fountain (pictured on page 64) that has drawn about it the most beautiful village in southern Palestine, and kept it high on the hillside from slipping down into the valley's depths. It was here that the boy, John the Baptist, was hidden to escape the threat of Herod. It was, perhaps, through this valley that Christ walked to Emmaus. And by night, though one could not see the beauty of the vale, one could the more easily evoke the past that had lived and loved and laid itself down to die in its dust, or had risen to immortality, and some of that past but recently become dust; for at the foot of the last hill there are six graves of English soldiers who were killed there the day before the entrance of the first

brigade of British troops into Jerusalem. I went back later and wrote this epitaph for the six graves:

THEY DIED CLIMBING

"Beyond the hill the Holy City lies;
These never saw its glories with their eyes,
They never reached its crest;
They perished climbing these last sacred heights,
But when they died, like true Crusader knights
Their feet were on the Quest."

But as I began to climb from this last hill, the gibbous moon was making a gray, silvery light in the eastern sky. It was, however, as was St. John of the true Light, but the "prodrome" of the greater light that was just rising beyond the Mount of Olives as I entered the Holy City.

It was not the side from which one would choose to enter, for one does not see the City till one is actually in it, and then one cannot see its beauty or feel its antiquity

The graves of English soldiers under a tree at the foot of the Last Hill before reaching Jerusalem, on the Jaffa-Jerusalem Road.

because of the modern shabby houses that line the Jaffa Road. It was the side, however, from which its recent conquest had been made, and it was by the Jaffa Road that General Allenby and his men entered the Inner City—where the Kaiser had cut in the ancient walls, beside the old Jaffa Gate, a few feet away, for his august and farcical entry, several years ago, in the garb of a Crusader. There could be no more marked or significant contrast than that which General Allenby's unostentatious entry presented.

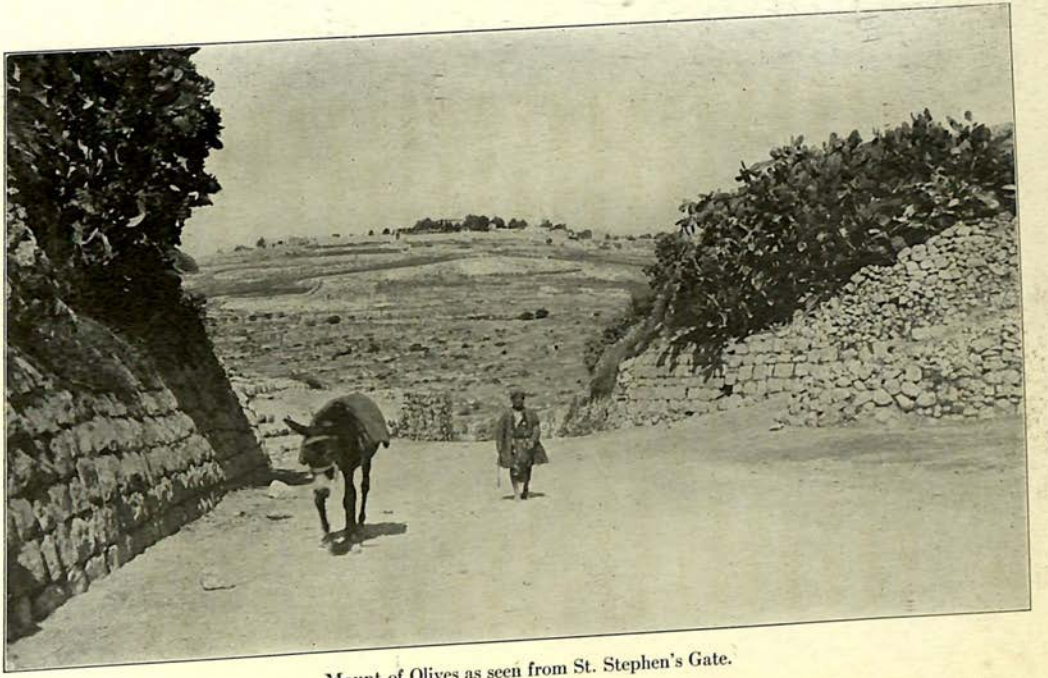
I stopped at the new reservoir in the hill, just inside the City, known as "Abraham's Vineyard," for a drink of water, brought into the City by the British engineers from the hills beyond Bethlehem. In David's day warriors went to the Bethlehem spring, through hostile lines, to get a drink for their leader. It took a British army to

bring water from beyond Bethlehem, and it was only sixty-seven days from the day when they started at the springs of Arub—the old springs from which Pontius Pilate brought water to Jerusalem—that water was flowing at the taps in the Holy City with a capacity of three hundred thousand gallons a day. Had I reached the City two days earlier I should have had to find a cistern, for only the day before my arrival had the water-bearers, the British Royal Engineers, reached the City. I poured out a libation to them as David poured that which was brought to him, because it was "as the blood of those that went at the peril of their lives," but I also drank in gratitude (for here was water enough for both the libation and the quenching of my thirst), and the water from the well of Bethlehem could not have been sweeter in David's memory.

After two hours in Jerusalem, where I had a bath and breakfast—the only food I had tasted on the way—I started on again down through the Damascus Gate, over the rough Via Dolorosa, out of St. Stephen's Gate, and down to the Garden of Gethsemane at the foot of the Mount of Olives. But instead of climbing over the hill by familiar paths, I followed the white road round the mount, enveloped most of the way by clouds of gray dust from the lorries and ambulances, down into and through the village of Bethany, white as the sepulchre of Lazarus from these same clouds. The Master could have found no rest there in these days and nights, where the great honking cars pass to and from the Jericho front.

Beyond Bethany there is not a tree—at least I did not see one until I reached the plain of Jericho. And never did I long

more for the shade of one, however meagre. I even looked for the shadow of a rock when the morning sun became almost unbearable. I have never known such heat except at the mouth of a furnace. How the British troops spent months in that inferno is beyond my comprehension. I made other journeys down into the valley carrying hospital supplies and, later, refugees back to their beyond-Jordan homes, but most of the way by night. About two miles out of Jericho, and a mile from the plain, I came upon a cave, whose darkness was most welcome. It was large enough to hold the fifty prophets whom Obadiah hid from the hate of Jezebel, and fed on bread and water, but it had only the memories of tinned goods lying about. I rested, and even slept for a few minutes, with a stone for a pillow, and then pushed on, refreshed by the shadow, which was as food brought



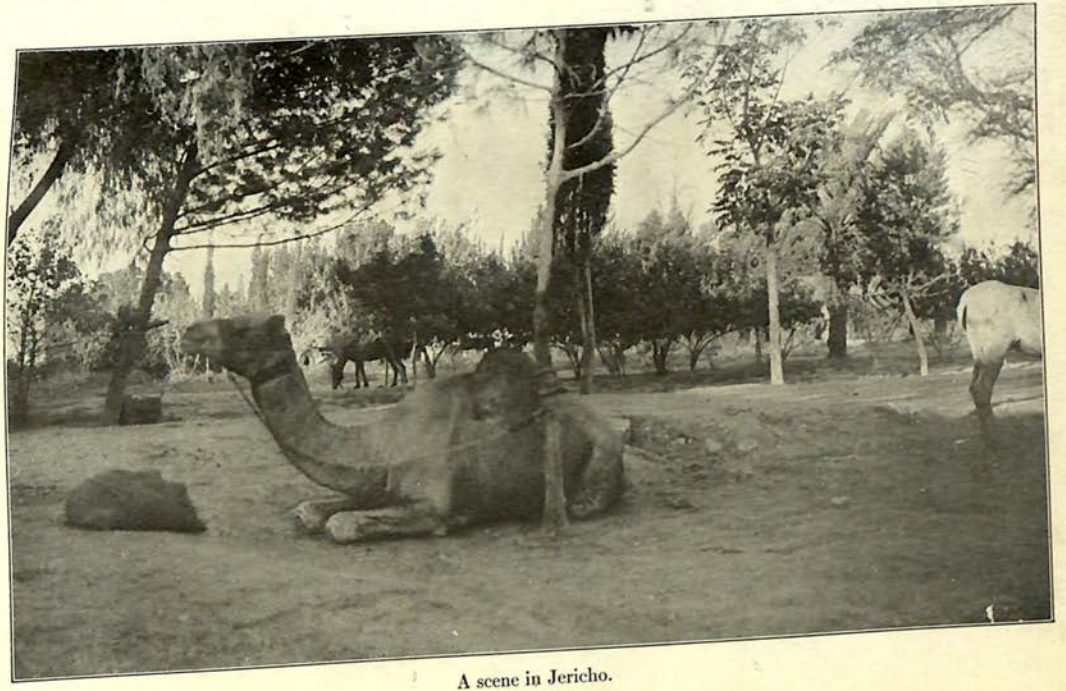
Mount of Olives as seen from St. Stephen's Gate.

by a raven, and by water from my canteen, which was as the brook Cherith near by till it dried up. And my canteen was rapidly approaching the condition of the brook (which in this land does not have the habit of going on forever, as Tennyson's) when the prophet Elijah was commanded to leave this region and go to Zerephath, over on the coast from which I had walked. I found myself wondering how long it took the prophet to walk the same distance in the opposite direction.

There had been some movement in the air among the mountains, but when I reached the plain there was not enough to stir the frond of a palm. Everything was as if cast in bronze or brass, overhanging mountains, sky, and the glistering plain with its motionless life. I could believe that Doré had come to this region for some of his illustrations for Dante's "Inferno."

I felt myself to be clothed as some of Dante's creatures in hell, in garments of lead. Now and then a lorry or an ambulance darted across the sand like an insect, but there was otherwise only the silence and immobility of the solitude, for it was the siesta hour (2 o'clock) for all human life in the valley. There was no firing at the front. Heat had brought a temporary armistice—it had made this place a complete wilderness for the moment, and called it peace.

Entering the City, which had no challenging sentinel nor forbidding wall, as it had in the days of Joshua, I found the welcoming gate to the "compound," officially occupied by the military governor. He was not in, so I flung myself down beneath a tree—a palm I think it was, as it should have been in this city of palm-trees (I afterward found, on a later journey, from the



A scene in Jericho.

testimony of a camera showing a real camel resting under the same tree, that it was not). I was by no means exhausted, but I felt disposed in the enjoyment of its shade to obey the injunction given to certain ones in Scriptural days, to "tarry in Jericho until their beards be grown."

VII

ST. DISMAS

(At Latron, in Palestine, there is a chapel erected to the memory of "The Good Thief," known as St. Dismas, who is said to have been born in this village.)

'TWIXT Ramleh and Latron one night
Upon the Jaffa Road, gray-white,
Some one beneath the stars' dim light
My steps apace was following.

White was his face, the starlight showed,
White was his habit as the road,
White with the Sharon dust, he strode
As my own body's shadowing.

I quickened my own pace a bit,
He quickened his to equal it,
Till, his guessed purpose to outwit,
I turned to find a wayside spring.

And he too, but, to my relief,
On toward a shrine, as one in grief,
A shrine erected to the thief
Who'd hung with Christ in suffering.

And now I know he was the sprite
Of this "Good Thief" who on that night
Along the Jaffa Road, gray-white,
My steps apace was following.

As in his nights, prepenitent,
He walked again these roads in Lent
And then at twelve of midnight went
To pray the Lord's remembering.

St. Dismas, should the lot be mine
To walk again in Palestine,
I'll find thy robber penant shrine
And make this bold petitioning:

That though to Paradise I go,
The God from whom all blessings flow
Will let me walk by night below
In roads of my earth wandering.

VIII

FROM BEERSHEBA

IN the phrase that is current wherever the Bible is read, Beersheba is at the end of the journey, and not at the beginning. It was the farthest outpost of the Land of Promise. It was off into the wilderness, beyond Beersheba, that Hagar wandered with her boy Ishmael, and that Elijah fled from the woman-wrath of Jezebel, for when he left Beersheba he went "a day's journey into the wilderness."

But one of the most appealing and most picturesque journeys of all history, though a brief one, was made *from* Beersheba as the starting-point; it was the journey on which Abraham set out when he went with

his little son Isaac to offer him up for a burnt offering on Mount Moriah.

And it was from the well which Abraham is said to have digged (or one of seven), the well to which the very name Beersheba, the place of oath, is memorial (because it was there, in witness of the digging of the well that Abimelech and Abraham swore unto one another and made covenant), it was from this well that I started on my journey northward as far as I could at that time go in Palestine toward Dan. I would go as Abraham to Mount Moriah, and thence I would go, if the English advances made this possible, at least to Shechem, where the Israelites buried the bones of Joseph who had been "embalmed and put in a coffin" in Egypt, after they had carried these bones forty years in the wilderness.

I started, not as Abraham, early in the morning, but at noon, when the mid-August

sunshine was blazing over the desert to the south. But before evening I passed him somewhere near the foot-hills of Judæa, in the level stretches of the land of Simeon—Simeon, who in Jacob's roster of his sons, was set down immortally as one who "in anger slew men and in self-will houghed oxen." But Abraham had very good reason for not wishing to get to the end of his journey earlier than he must, for when he reached the Mount he was, for aught he knew, to sacrifice his only son through whom the promise of his becoming the father of a multitude of nations was to be fulfilled. I saw him and Isaac toiling slowly on the way far ahead of me toward evening. They stopped early for the first night. The father was very gentle with the boy, who did not suspect his own fate. As I passed them I could see Abraham looking away from the boy toward the heaven and its

The temple area on Mount Moriah.

stars without number, and thinking, doubtless, that Eliezer of Damascus might, after all, become the possessor of his house.

I thought of this ancient father and son through the night, but I thought, too, of the thousands of fathers whose sons were marching to sacrifice that very night, in Europe, marching to the places of burnt offering on hundreds of mounts from Kemmel to Moab, and with no certainty of any such substitute for their sons as Abraham found at the last moment. And now America has come to the trial of her faith in the tenets of her profession and her teaching. As an American I am proud of the response to the test. America has not questioned the call of justice and of human right. I see the millions going forward, not slowly, as did Abraham, who took three days to make the journey to the site of Mount Moriah (and in my heart I, a father,

forgave him), but by forced marches. America's going up from her Beersheba is indeed a more glorious chapter in history than Abraham's. America looks at the stars in her own heavens, not doubting that the sacrifice, whatever it may be, will not quench that which these stars symbolize.

As for myself, I kept praying that if I had my own lads with me under these stars, I should not loiter nor saunter. As it was, I travelled in one afternoon and night over the road that it took Abraham and his son more than three days to travel, for it was on the morning of the third day that Abraham "lifted up his eyes and saw the place afar off," and then went forward with the boy alone, carrying the fire in his hand and a knife, while the boy bore the wood.

It is said in guide-books to Palestine, published before the war, that one who

travels below Hebron should take a "dragoman and horses and tents," together with an "escort of Turkish soldiers"; and I have since my journey been told that one in those days needed for safety an escort of a dozen men. But that precaution, now that the English have come, seems not to be necessary. I travelled alone through the night without serious molestation. I was stopped by a group of men at dusk and asked rather savagely for cigarettes and "backsheesh," both of which requests I had to refuse, after some parleying, because I had no cigarettes, and I was not disposed to give "backsheesh," but no violence was offered (though I had no weapon beyond my hickory stick, which had come with me from far America's trees, with rings of many seasons in its memory, and with the names of places where it has been the companion of my walks, from London to Beersheba).

On the contrary, great courtesy and hospitality were shown me along the way by the fellaheen as well as by the British officers and men. This wayside kindness showed itself chiefly in keeping me supplied with water. (I can understand why blessings were promised by Christ to those who gave cups of cold water.) In the heat of the afternoon, when the supply in my two canteens was getting low (and I wished to preserve in each a little of the water with which I had filled them at the very start from Abraham's well, or one of his seven wells), I came upon a company of men putting up telephone-lines from Hebron to Beersheba. They filled one brimming cup for me from their "fantasia," and then told me of their camp, six or seven kilometres beyond, where I should find other "fantasias"—as I did, with most hospitable attendants, who offered also bread and cheese and syrup.

In the late afternoon I passed the only village at the roadside between Beersheba and Hebron—the ancient village of Debir, which now has the name of Dahariyeh, but has probably much the aspect of its ancient self, except that in Joshua's time it doubtless had walls. It was then the village of the giants—the Enakim—who stood out against the Israelites till Othniel, a kinsman of Caleb, overcame the city, encouraged to such hardihood by Caleb's proffer of his sister in marriage to the warrior who should first enter its citadel. In place of the citadel stands the most conspicuous object as one approaches from the south, the great compost-heap, higher than any of the houses, even that of the sheik himself. It is the village store of fuel, and so far from being looked upon as an offensive place, is a centre where the women gather when they are free from their work, which must be seldom, for the women of Palestine are

a tirelessly industrious lot, not for the most part in work in which they can have the satisfaction of seeing things of beauty, or of lasting use, develop under their hands, but in the ceaseless bearing of burdens, the carrying of water, the grinding of wheat or corn, the endless drudgeries with not the slightest relief—or so it would seem to a casual observer. A hard lot they have, and a sad, unhappy, dejected sex they seem. Seldom does one see a smiling face. The men are solemn enough, but except for those who live sedentary lives in the cities, they seem sturdy and physically virile. They "lord it" over the women. It is not an infrequent scene to see a man mounted on his donkey, the wife following on foot, usually carrying a burden.

It was on this road to Jerusalem, near Bethlehem, that I saw a father so mounted, the wife following, carrying the child, and

another child following her. I think the father was becoming conscious of our Western attitude of women and children first, for while I was preparing to take a snap-shot of the little family the father was having the child shifted to his arms. Or was it his paternal pride showing itself in his desire to have the child photographed with himself?

I have often thought of this scene and expressed the hope that Joseph did not treat Mary so, that he did not make her walk and carry the child as they journeyed down into Egypt.

But, not to get to my own journey's end before I have actually traversed it, I wish to speak too of the hospitable spirit of the villages along the way. At this particular village of the ancient giants, the "muktar" called to me as I was passing, whether in friendliness or in hostility to the passing

stranger I could not tell, till by signs he made me understand that he was asking if I would not stop and sleep in his village, or have food and drink. I gladly accepted his proffer of water, and he sent a bright little fellow pattering off up the hill to the well with one of my canteens. When it came back filled and coolly moist, he tried to prevent my giving the boy a bit of immediate reward for his act of kindness.

I had stopped at this village for a few minutes in the morning, attracted by the scene on the opposite side of the road, where between fifty and a hundred villagers were threshing millet, some driving the oxen round and round, some winnowing with the pitchfork, some sifting with the sieve, some gathering the grain, some carrying away the straw. It was an interesting and picturesque scene, but it was also one of the happiest scenes, suggestive of the wide-

spread and higher happiness that might come—will come again to the Holy Land when the hills as well as the plains are blossoming and men are laboring profitably in some intelligent co-operation with Providence, and incidentally giving the women freedom to live as creatures with souls, to enjoy Browning's "Saul," let us say, more than the gossip at the compost-heap.

The walk across the plains had been hot and uneventful but not uninteresting to one born on the prairies of the United States and accustomed to great level stretches and horizons. There was, however, the added charm of the wilderness mountains rising hazily on the eastern edge of the plain, and of the Judæan hills ahead —a charm which was a little disturbed by the thought of having to make the ascent. But even the winding white road had its own fascination, and when, as several times

happened, I saw a gray cloud going before me in the solitude, though I knew it was only a little whirlwind that was moving along and whirling the dust, I could understand how the children of Israel might have seen in such a natural phenomenon the "pillar of cloud" that gave them guidance on their way across the desert not far away. Once the cloud became clearly a great gray cross lifted against the blue sky over the Judæan hills.

Nowhere else in lower Palestine was the far past so close. There was no near association for the most of the way across the plain to disturb the consciousness of the past, and I was free to spend most of the time in the company of Abraham and his boy Isaac, Elijah, David, and others of those ancient days.

And when the night came on it was almost as light as day, for the moon rose in

full orb out of the desert of Maon, where once dwelt the churlish Nabal and his wife Abigail, who, after her drunken husband's "heart had died within him and he became a stone," received a proffer of marriage from David, and who (though insisting with a humility which is expected of the man rather than the woman, in America, that she was only a servant fit to wash the feet of the servants of such a man) hasted and, attended by her five damsels, went in stately procession to become his wife. One could find here a setting for a romance if the Scriptural record did not tell us in the next sentence that "David also took Ahinoam of Jezreel, and they were also both of them his wives." As it is, it gives fit background to the incident, which must appeal to every boy, of David's taking the spear and cruse of water from behind the head of Saul as he lay asleep in his place "among

the wagons," when in pursuit of David; and to that incident which followed the next day when David, on one of the bare hilltops called to Abner, and in treasured sarcasm rebuked the war-lord for not keeping better watch over his king.

And one is ready, too, to believe the tradition that Judas Iscariot (Judas of Keriot) was born somewhere over in this wilderness to the east, which turns to blackness when the moon crosses the path and lights the western hills toward Gaza.

Among the Judæan hills one has other attendants. One to whom I was especially indebted was the daughter of Caleb, Achsah, she to whom he gave the "upper springs and the nether springs." Not far from Hebron had been pointed out to me the "upper springs" as I went to Beersheba in the morning of the day, but toward midnight I was more anxious to find the

"nether springs." It was not Achsah who discovered them to me, but it must have been one of her descendants, this lone wanderer who came out of the fields, and who not only showed me the springs, but also instructed me in the best way to lap up water with both hands (instead of but one, as did the successful candidates for Gideon's band). I never dreamed, Achsah, when I stumbled over your name as I read it at my mother's knee (and my mother's name meant in Scotch "daughter of the place of the upper springs"), that I should some day be grateful to you for asking your father to give you those springs that have continued to flow on through the centuries since and quench my thirst in the twentieth century A. D.

Refreshed, I went on toward Hebron, a place where Western travellers in days past had been badly treated, I am told, but

where I had found most cordial welcome as I had passed southward in the morning (the keeper of the Cave of Machpelah showing me every possible courtesy, insisting that I look into the place where Joseph's bones were kept, since I might not be able to go to Shechem, where, according to the Book of Joshua, they were buried, and offering me more privileges than I could accept). But instead of walking down through the shadowed streets of the city, by night I took a by-path, a lane with high walls on either side, down through the Vale of Eschol, where the Israelitish spies had found the marvellous grapes.

It is the law of custom in the East, I am told, that one may enter a vineyard and eat all one wishes, but may not carry anything away. I had been without food on the journey, and my "mouth watered" for grapes (for, as when the spies entered He-

bron, it "was the time of the first-ripe grapes"), and yet at that time of night I hardly dared to enter one of the continuous vineyards, not knowing whether some watchman sleeping in the towers that guard them might not take me for a marauder instead of an honest but hungry pilgrim. In vain I searched the vines hanging over the walls to find a chance cluster, and went on my way with no such fortune as the two men who, long ago, found there one cluster so large that it took both of them to carry it.

Higher up in the hills, near the place of the "upper springs," I passed a village in its slumbers, a village that had slept through a million and a half of nights, for it was one of the Canaanitish cities taken by Joshua and given as an inheritance to Judah.

I had visited this village in the morning

of the day, a village that is four thousand years old, but without certain facilities which the newest town in Oklahoma would insist upon having in as many hours as this village has known years. It stands, or rather sits, upon a hill almost bare of trees, and looks by day at the left between the mountains to the Mediterranean Ocean, and at the right across the Dead Sea to the mountains which give their background of mystery to so many places in Palestine. It could have seen the star over Bethlehem if it had been awake on the holy night. And if it had risen and moved itself to the other edge of the hill, it might have seen the burning lamp that passed between the carcasses in Abraham's dream beneath the oaks of Mamre, a few miles away.

This village, Halhul, is more like one of our Indian adobe towns than any other communities in the States, except that the

huts are of stone. There are no streets, only winding, labyrinthian paths round and about, up and down, sometimes over the roofs of the huts—paths made by the feet of men, women, children, and donkeys through the centuries. There are no vehicles, wagons, automobiles, or street-cars. There is no post-office, for never a letter comes to the village, I suppose. There are no newspapers, no schools, no places of amusement (there is one man, at least, who plays a primitive pipe), no running waters, no signs, no stores, so far as I could see, no libraries nor books, no women's clubs, no telephones—there was nothing to give the inhabitants communication with the world beyond the sight of their eyes or the reach of their feet. And few, I suppose, had journeyed beyond Hebron to the south, or Jerusalem at the north.

Women and children fled as birds or

prairie dogs into their burrows at our approach in the morning. They had remembered reason to fear the stranger, especially the stranger in uniform, the Turkish officer, and they hid as by instinct without waiting to discover what sort of uniform it was. At last, in one corner of the labyrinth, we found the older men of the village gathered under a great tree just outside the "guest-house," a dark, windowless, single-roomed hut, with a platform running along three sides. The interpreter, with much salaaming, told of America (a land of which, I suppose, they had no knowledge, for I think no one had gone from that village to the far-away country), and expressed our special interest in the children of Palestine. There was most polite response in true Oriental fashion, tempered, however, by a reticence of fear lest the children might be made the basis for a new tax. Gradu-

ally this suspicion was dissipated and the children came out of their hiding, pale, miserably clad. Perhaps the sturdier ones were out in the vineyards.

Halhul! What a new life would come into your old stone body if the children of a typical American village could come to sing and play with your children. Halhul! How many summers will you sleep in the sun, how many winters will you shiver in your windowless huts, before the civilization which has come up to your gates, across the seas and up from the ports of Egypt, shall not only pass like the automobile at your feet or fly like the aeroplane over your head, but will enter your heart with its joys, its higher joys and its deeper sorrows. Halhul! Will not the new Joshua give you an inheritance not merely to some particular tribe or nation, but to the world, that it may add its cosmic gifts in this age

to those which you have gathered out of your long past with its narrow horizon—a horizon whose edge is not cut by the sky-scrapers of America!

Halhul! I should like to come to you in the year of our Lord 2000!

I did not wish to disturb this village in its sleep, though I wondered whether the world outside would ever miss it if it did not wake up again from its houses that seemed more like tombs than homes. Indeed the Roman rock-tombs near by seemed more homelike, for in the cave open to the moonlight, where I had in the morning seen the hundreds of niches that once held cinerary urns, I saw the maidenhair-ferns clinging like weeping human memories over some of the niches, but in deeper mourning, for the green of the daylight had been turned to the blackness of crape. And the gray lizards and the black serpents were no

longer astir as in the morning, to take one's thought from those who had laid themselves down to rest in the Jewish and Christian caves near by.

It was up on the hill just outside this village that, according to tradition, the prophet Jonah was buried. Jonah, that first municipal reformer, who complained against the Almighty because the fate which he predicted did not overtake the city of Nineveh, Jonah who was "angry for the gourd" that grew up in the night and perished the next day. If thou couldst but see this eternal village in which thou art sleeping, Jonah, thou wouldst indeed know that the Lord was "a gracious God, and full of compassion."

I was challenged in a valley not far beyond by a lone sentry at the roadside, the only person I had seen for hours except the native "pilgrims of the night" on camels

or donkeys or in groups on foot, the sound of whose voices, mingled with the tinkling of the camel-bells, remains as music in my ears, for all gave that melodious salutation which was as soft upon the air as the intoning of a benediction—"Sai-ee-da," "Sai-ee-da" (like Aïda, with a soft, sibilant prefix), all through the night. The "Halt!" of the sentry in simulated English gave a moment's shock and disturbed my converse with those of the past who had accompanied me, but were unseen of the sentry. They all fled as I tried to make the East Indian guard with his menacing rifle understand that I was a "friend." Whether I had succeeded I did not know, for I could not understand whether he was permitting me to proceed or ordering me to turn into the guard-house (where indeed I should have been glad to repose for a while), but I started on, and as he did not fire I assumed

that he recognized me for the friend I was, with no desire as to the springs he was guarding (the springs from which the water was led into Jerusalem), except that I might drink of them.

Over hills and through valleys that were awesome with the moon shadows—were these not perhaps the very valleys that had given the Psalmist his metaphor of the "Valley of the Shadow"?—I journeyed on by the winding road, down at last past Solomon's Pools (one empty of water, one almost empty, and the third planted in tomatoes and other vegetables), down into the fruitful Vale of Urtas, which Solomon may have had in mind when he wrote of descending into the garden "to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine flourished and the pomegranates budded," filled now with Anzac troops beginning to stir themselves at the first premonition of day.

Then on till the roofs of the little town of Bethlehem began to appear in the dawn. The morning star was burning in the sky above it with a brilliancy that seemed supernal. Over the Bethlehem on my horizon it stood, toward the Shepherds' Field, till the walls of the little city itself hid it from my view.

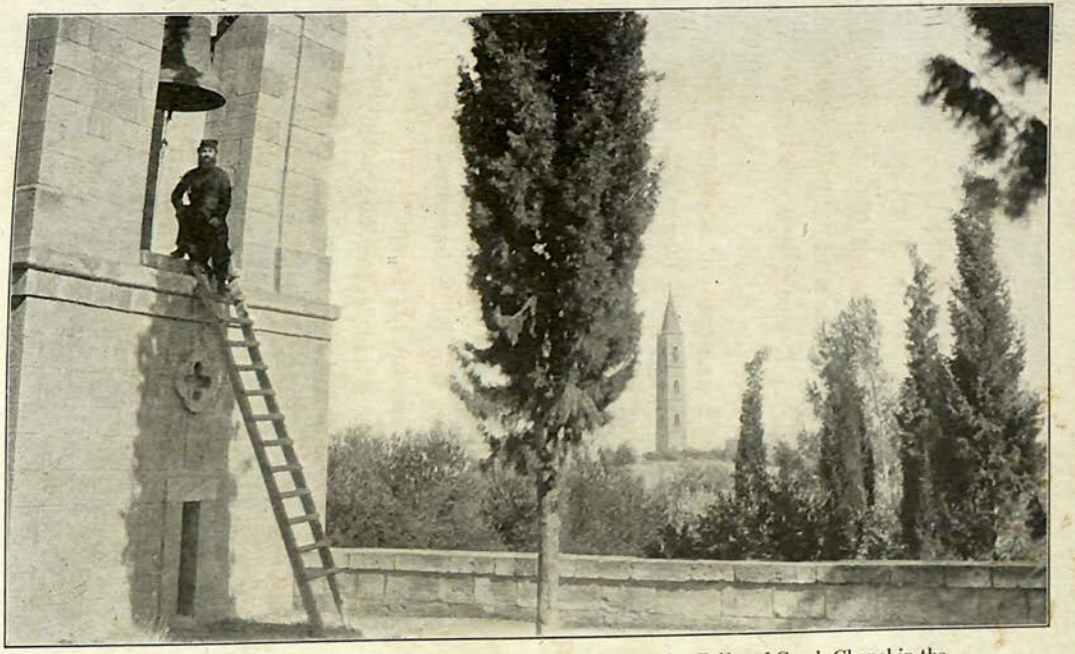
Beyond Bethlehem the once narrow camel-road over which the Magi had come broadened into a dusty highway and began to fill with a throng of people going to and from the Holy City. The refugees from Jericho, encamped in the field opposite the tomb of Rachel, were rising frowzled from their nomad beds. Lorries and ambulances were starting from camps at the roadside for the hellish places from which these refugees had fled, down where the British forces were holding their trenches awaiting the day of advance. A battalion of Anzac cavalry

The author as he appeared after going from Beersheba to Jerusalem.

was passing in the opposite direction for its period of rest after the night's riding. Indian lancers and Indian infantrymen, picturesque even in khaki, looked and knelt toward the dawn and their own Himalayas. Trains of camels from somewhere bore their compact loads that might be myrrh or the daily manna for the troops. Hundreds of donkeys, "Allenby's white mice," went pattering along. Aeroplanes were mounting and circling, with their hum, to scout or perhaps to bomb beyond the hills toward Shechem. Barefoot women with varicolored burdens on their heads walked with all the stateliness of queens toward the City of Peace—the City of Peace amid shepherds' fields, now become munition magazines, which were daily augmented by what the trains brought up from Egypt, and daily diminished by what the trains toward the front were carrying northward

for the redemption of Samaria and Galilee, the ancient land of the tribes of Benjamin and Ephraim and Manasseh and Issachar and Zebulon and Asher and Naphtali and Dan—Dan, which I would yet reach—but that is another story.

For the day I was content to stop at the Mount within the walls of Jerusalem, where Abraham ended his sacrificial journey, fire and knife in hand; the Mount whose topmost rock was regarded as the centre of the world, the "stone of foundation," on which the Ark of the Covenant once rested; the Mount from which Mohammed is said to have ascended on his miraculous steed; the Mount over whose edges the orthodox Jew does not dare to venture lest he tread upon the "Holy of Holies," but wails at the wall of lamentation without; the Mount at whose verge the Christ was crucified and buried, and from whose rock-hewn tomb



Tower of the Ascension on the Mount of Olives in the background. Belfry of Greek Chapel in the foreground.

he rose. It seems indeed the "centre of the world," and over it all, as I saw it that morning, the Tower of the Ascension stood on the Mount of Olives against the sunrise.

IX

I WALKED LAST NIGHT IN THE SHEPHERDS' FIELD

I

I WALKED one night in The Shepherds'
Field;
The stars in their wonted courses
wheeled
And no new glory the skies revealed—
There was no peace on earth.
But as I climbed the Bethlehem hill
I saw one bend o'er one who was ill
And another bearing coals to fill
A neighbor's empty hearth—
And I knew that the Christ was there.

II

I walked up the Mount a little space
And peered through the shadows for His face

But found Him not in the pictured place
Beneath the olive-trees;
Then turning toward Kidron in the night
I saw the men on their way to fight
In Jordan's hell for a thing called Right,
Nor hating their enemies—
And I knew that the Christ was there.

III

Then I walked alone in Galilee
Where He fed the thousands by the sea
And taught and wrought in His ministry
Of human brotherhood.
There did a Presence my way attend
And there I heard the voice of a Friend
Say, "Lo, I am with you to the end."
And my heart understood—
I knew that the Christ was there.

X

TO DAN

AFTER the delivery of the Holy City, in December of 1917, the deliverers "dug in" about fifteen miles north of Jerusalem, their trenches and barbed-wire entanglements stretching intermittently from the Mediterranean Sea to the Jordan River. And seldom a day passed of the months that I was there that one did not hear the sound of the guns somewhere along the line in that little theatre of battle that has been the stage of war's tragedy and pageantry since the wanderers in the desert crossed the Jordan into Jericho, following their wooden ark, under promise that the living God would drive out the Canaanite and the Hittite and the Hivite

and the Girgashite and the Amorite and the Jebusite before them, and give them a land "flowing with milk and honey."

A little theatre! A mere "sector"! But with nearly all the peoples of the Allies there except our own: East Indian, Anzac, Armenian, French, Algerian, Italian, English with their first Irish Regiment, and a battalion of the Black Watch, and the Welsh, and the South African. (It was a great strapping South African fellow, named Hornby, that carried me in his aeroplane the morning that I made the trip through the sky ["Via Dei"] from Egypt to the Judæan hills.) And at the far end of the line the Hebrew regiment over in the land of Moab, toward the valley where I one day saw the great gun, "Jericho Jane," lying "in the burn," as one of the Scotch officers said.

For myself I felt the reproach of Debo-

rah, who said to Reuben after the battle with Sisera—Reuben, at whose watercourses there were "searchings of heart": "Why sattest thou among the sheepfolds to hear the pipings for the flocks, while the people of Zebulon jeoparded their lives unto death?" The response to this reproach came not long after from the Western Front, and it was down on the edge of the sands of the desert that I heard it, the splendid response made by the behavior of our Americans at Château-Thierry. None the less, I regretted that we of America could not have been with that little world army in the recovery of this sacred land from the hand of the Turk, though it was a great satisfaction to be of that little American army of Red Cross doctors and nurses, social workers and engineers, ministering to those who suffered most from the war. We "sat among the sheepfolds,"

but not to hear the "piping for the flocks"; there were no flocks to pipe for. It was to care for the human beings that were scattered like lost sheep among the hills of Judæa, or huddled like starving ones within the walls of the villages.

For though the Amorite and the Jebusite and all the others mentioned by Joshua had gone and the land had been cleansed, it was like the house mentioned in the parable, from which the devil had been driven out, but to which other devils returned, so that the last state was worse than the first.

And so it was that the only milk with which the land flowed (except of goats) was that which the quartermaster brought up through Egypt, from far pastures, in condensed-milk tins. I did taste honey but I felt as favored as Jonathan on the day when, following close upon the fleeing Philistines, he thrust his rod into a honeycomb

and tasted of the honey, when all the rest were forbidden to eat. Once, by the kindness of the general in command of all Palestine, I was able to know how the Children of Israel fared in the desert, for we had quail—live quail that covered our camp, flying in from the desert toward Gaza. The bread did not come as hoarfrost upon the ground, but as daily ration, shipped in with all the meticulous providence of a wonderful system of provision. And the water was not gotten by smiting a rock, but by carrying it long distances in pipes or on the backs of camels.

So it was for months that the army and the people were fed and given to drink, while all looked forward to the day of the complete deliverance, the day of the final battle "in the Valley of Decision."

Wishing to walk instantly forward when that day or night arrived, to be "ready

Evacuated village near the front.

when the bridegroom came," I determined to go to the farthest front in the direction of Dan, and so it was that at two o'clock one morning I set out for a hilltop identified to me on the map as Tel-Azur (Mountain of Azure, I wished to translate it), the outlook from which one could at least see "over the top."

The General in charge of this particular sector of the front by a special passport required all the guards along the way to show me every possible courtesy (as they did without such orders, even to the "Tommies" out toward the front, who shared their morning coffee with me, not recognizing me for the Colonel that I was); and the General in command of the Occupied Enemy Territory, which stretched up to within a civil distance of the front, gave me safe-conduct, but directed me on no account to venture beyond Bireh before day-

light. With such credentials, though I got to the mountain-top without a single challenge or questioning (except of my own in trying to find the way), and under such restraint, though it proved to be needless, since I could not have reached Bireh before daylight except by sprinting, I set forth from Jerusalem. There was no watchman upon the walls impatiently waiting for the signs of the morning and the relieving watch, and no policeman or sentry in the street. I passed in silence through the Valley of Jehoshaphat, but the day of decision was not yet come; for the stars had not "withdrawn their shining," and the moon was not yet darkened, and the brooks of Judah were not "flowing with waters."

It was not until I reached the first village on the left that I again came upon the ancient travellers, for the living one had not yet risen, and the first naturally enough

was David—David, whom I had seen upon every road fleeing from Saul. This particular place was the village where the priest, Abimelech, gave him, in his hunger, the shewbread from the altar, and the sword of Goliath which had been kept there since the day of the memorable combat.

It was a little way beyond here, as I recall, near Gibeah, that pilgrims of the day, returning to their homeland, were accustomed to look back toward the Holy City and cry:

> If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

But Gibeah is not a place of agreeable associations for "pilgrims of the night." One who has a good memory of the Old

Testament added to a lively imagination would find it a gruesome neighborhood. For it was at Gibeah that the Levite, when he was returning to Shechem with his errant wife from Bethlehem-Judah, whither he had gone to persuade her home, was set upon by "the sons of Belial," and so vilely treated as to his wife that "no such deed was done or seen from the day that the Children of Israel came up out of the land of Egypt" till that day; so vilely that the Levite "divided her together with her bones into twelve pieces, and sent her into all the coasts of Israel in order that the inhabitants might consider it and take advice"; so vilely that Israel did come together as one man, "from Dan to Beersheba," and not only spoke their minds concerning this "lewdness and folly," but resolved to exterminate the evil-doers, and so began the Benjamite war.

And, according to the record, there were more men gathered in and about Gibeah on that day than there were British and Arabs, Turks and Germans, all told, in the lines across Palestine the night of my journey—more men, indeed, that "drew sword" than there are inhabitants in all Palestine to-day. And such deeds were done in a day, it is interesting to note in passing, when there was no king in Israel, and when every one did what seemed right in his own eyes, a time of voluntary enlistment and of theocratic individualism.

But though the vanquished Benjamites were given women of Jabesh-Gilead for wives, and when these sufficed them not were permitted to "catch every man his wife from among the daughters of Shiloh when they came out to dance their dances," Gibeah, that afterward became the capital of Saul when Israel insisted upon having a

king, has become a deserted, treeless hill-top. It required no imagination to see Rizpah standing there on its lonesome crest, guarding the bodies of the sons of Saul who had been hanged on that same hill, "suffering neither the birds to rest upon them by day nor beasts of the field by night."

And then one saw dimly the hill of Ramah, but the "sound of bitter weeping" had ceased. They who had been refugees had returned again "to their own loved border." Indeed, when I visited the village by day, not long after, with those of our company who were finding water for the oxen which we were purchasing to let to the villagers that they might plough again their stony fields, a little child was brought out—the pride of their village—wearing a helmet-shaped hat covered with coins, as is the custom in some villages.

And with the child the medicine-woman of the village (I do not know by what other name to call her), doubtless practising her art much as did the ancient witch of Endor, who summoned the spirit of the prophet Samuel from his grave on that very hill to confront King Saul in his distress before the battle of Mount Gilboa.

One would have to spend the entire day going these few miles to Bireh, the village that I expected to reach by sunrise, if one stopped to parley with the past, for every mile of the way is populous with memories. It is the very particular memory of this road, which one must pause to welcome in one's thought on the dusty way, that Joseph and Mary, with the company of their kinsfolk, when returning from the Feast of the Passover in Jerusalem to Galilee, did spend a whole day walking these same few miles, for it is recorded in Luke

that they "went a day's journey" before they missed the boy Jesus; and the tradition is that the place at which they missed him was Bireh. It is now a Moslem village, sitting or kneeling on the eastern slope of the watershed, with its back toward the Christian village of Ram-Allah, a village which looks off toward the sea and the land across the sea, for six hundred men have gone out from that village of more than three thousand people to America, and it was reported that two hundred of these had entered the army. Between the two villages stands the school established by the Friends. One does not have to go farther to know why so many men of that region had gone out to the land of those who established and maintained so efficiently this school on the hill.

Bireh was the ancient Beeroth, whose inhabitants, with the camouflage of mouldy

bread and old shoes and garments, passed themselves off to Joshua as pilgrims from a far land, and so persuaded Joshua to make a league of peace with them, which he did, and would not renounce when he found that he had been deceived by the near neighbors of those whom he had already conquered. But though he let these dissimulating slackers live, he made them in punishment "hewers of wood and drawers of water unto all the congregation"; and the dwellers in this village seemed still to be of that great multitude, for I saw hundreds of them on their way to labor in laying ties for the railroad and in making trenches for the water-pipe, both of which were creeping day by day toward the front.

Beyond Bireh the main road leads to Shechem, the road which the Levite must have taken with his dead wife—a road now filled with ambulances and lorries all the

day long. But my way led to the right, past the village that was known in Abraham's time as "Luz," and after Jacob's time as "Bethel." If I had not been under orders not to go beyond Bireh before daylight, I should have tried to reach Bethel in the night, for its entrancing memory is of the night, when angels descended and ascended the golden ladder upon its rocky summit, in Jacob's dream. But by day I saw the terrestrial instead of the celestial inhabitants of Bireh, and they were more courteous to me than the ancient inhabitants were to the prophet Elisha, and quite as hospitable as one of their ancient citizens was to another itinerant prophet, who was so overcome by their hospitality as to disobey the orders of Jehovah, and was in consequence devoured by a lion on his return trip. One need fear however, neither the fate of those who

mocked nor of him who was too good a guest, for neither bear nor lion could find range among those hills filled with soldiers, and threaded out roads and paths bearing loved names of home places in the British Isles.

Whenever I asked the way to my "objective," the answer always was, "It is the hill with the trees on it," for all the other hills were bare; baldness had come upon them, partly, perhaps, because of the ancient pious cutting down of the groves of Baal in high places, but largely because of the wanton and greedy destruction by the Turks. Here and there one saw a hillside covered with olive-trees, and now and then one saw the trees climbing even to the summits of these little hills, an intimation of the verdure and fatness that might cover all the hills. But like the trees in the ancient fable—the first of all fables—

pronounced by Jotham, not fifty miles away —the trees of the land had chosen the bramble to rule over them, and it had consumed them, even to the cedars of Lebanon.

I found no pathway to the summit of Tel-Azur from the main road along which the troops were passing to and fro. But when I reached the shade of the summit trees the view was worth all the effort of the climb. I could "view the landscape o'er," as did Moses from Nebo, which must have been in sight, though I could not identify it. I could see, as did he, "the land of Gilead unto Dan," and the "land of Ephraim and of Manasseh and of Judah, unto the utmost sea," and the "plain of the valley of Jericho." The land to the north lay like a great, peaceful Vale of Tempe, filled with gray and brown hills, with no sign, visible to the naked eye, of the combat, though the thunders were rum-

bling from one end to the other of the line. My only fear was that I should have to go back to America before entrance could be had to this "promised land."

On my return to Jerusalem the Chief of the Occupied Enemy Territory said that they must manage to move their lines farther north in order to give me more room for exercise. I could wish that this motive had some part in impelling the "push" or "drive" of the mighty advance that soon came to clear the way through Samaria and Galilee and even beyond the mountain of Lebanon.

On the night of the 18th of September a corps commander who had joined our commission and a few distinguished guests at a dinner in honor of our American representative in the mixed court in Egypt (the night of the arrival of the quail from the desert near Gaza) said to me, quietly and

aside as he entered, that he would have to ask to be excused early, as the "drive" was on. I marvelled at the placidity of the general, who made no further reference to the world-startling event that was just beginning (except to remark as he looked at his wrist that the first movement was being at that moment made by his men), but took an interested part in the discussions of the evening, and then drove back to his headquarters on the Mount of Olives, and started off in the night toward the front.

After the guests had gone I followed the General up the Mount, past the white graveyard of the soldiers, whiter than ever in the full moonlight, to the monastery which was awake with the bustle of the departing troops that had been sitting outside its walls for weeks awaiting this night. There was little sleep on the Mount that

night, and when dawn came I found the priests walking back and forth beneath the olive-trees, looking off toward the north, as if the Day of Judgment had at last come over the Vale of Jehoshaphat, across which the thunders were rumbling.

The battle begun that night is undoubtedly the most memorable, the most important, and the most spectacular of all the battles of all the centuries in that little land. As a battle it was, as I have quoted a critic in saying, "a battle without a to-morrow" in its complete success, "a battle of dreams" in the accurate response by every part of this complex machine, despite the fact that there was so much of the human in it. And to crown it all, it was carried on against the richest historical background in all the earth.

It was the next morning after the day of this glorious dawn that I drove, in the

early hours, across the hills and down upon the plain to General Headquarters, where I found the Commander-in-Chief as imperturbable in the midst of this "battle of Armageddon" that was in its drive to pierce the Berlin-Bagdad backbone of the Teuton beast and bring the collapse of Turkey, as calm and imperturbable as if he had no thought for the day except the reviewing of the Red Cross work in Jerusalem, which had been planned for that very afternoon. Victory was on his horizon, but he was as imperturbed as were the people when I passed through England just after the capture of Kemmel Hill by the Germans. There was no sign of flurry nor fever of excitement. When back in Jerusalem that night or perhaps the next, the report of the capture of the first ten thousand prisoners was received, all that any one said was that "it was a good show"; and the Military

Governor of Jerusalem went on with the organization of his intercommunity chess club.

It was not many mornings later that the Commander-in-Chief sent a message by telephone to my office that if I would remain in Palestine a few days longer I might find it possible to walk to Dan. It was evidently his own personal suggestion which had later confirmation in a message by letter, a bit more cautious, intimating that for the present one might not be able to go beyond Lake Huleh, the "waters of Merom." This was enough to start me out on my journey toward Dan before nightfall, for the tribe of Dan dwelt close upon the further shores of Lake Huleh.

At dusk I was passing through "No Man's Land," between the lines of the old and now abandoned trenches and the maze of wire entanglements, for "No Man's

Land" stretched into Asia, and trenches were in the land of Benjamin as in the days of David. I was actually on the way to Galilee.

The roads were not such as I had found back of the old lines, when I had walked from Jaffa to Jericho, or from Beersheba to Bireh and Bethel, and I had rough going in the starlit darkness. Besides the stones over which I stumbled and the ruts into which I fell, there were shell-holes now and then and blasted bridges, but to be walking with my own feet on the now free soil in the van of the new millions of pilgrims was an ecstasy that made me oblivious of the harshness of the roads. If it had been a condition of my going that I should walk barefooted I should have been ready to take off my shoes as on holy ground, for the Master of Men had walked these same paths.

When, after a winding ascent over a high ridge in Ephraim and a winding descent into the valley of Samaria beyond (for one "must needs pass through Samaria"), I found myself still a few miles from the well of Sychar and my "pilgrim's bottle" nearly empty, I happened upon three "Tommies" at the roadside, and asked them where I could get water. They pointed to lights farther down the valley. I asked what the place was and they answered: "The camp of the First Irish Regiment." An Irish regiment in the heart of Palestine! But it is only characteristic of these Irish fellows that they should have gotten to the heart of what they set out for; and it had been valiant going and brave fighting that had won this place for them in the midst of the Holy Land. One of the "Tommies" offered to accompany me down into the camp, and led me through a bypath to the place where

the water cans, brought in by the camels during the day, were in charge of a fine strip of an Irish lad. He was lying in his tent reading by candle-light, but got up at once to give me a drink and fill my water-bottle. As he was pouring out the warm-ish water I said to him: "And from what part of Ireland do you come?" "Ah," he said, "I come from Tipperary, sir." I looked up at the portentous mountains of Ebal and Gerizim, dimly visible not far away, the mountains on which the children of Israel stood three thousand years or more ago, and shouted across the intervening valley their "Amens" in the mightiest antiphonal out-of-door service ever held, perhaps, the service of the Blessing and the Curse, ending with the imprecation: "Cursed be he that confirmeth not the words of this law to do them." I looked up at these fateful mountains and I said:

"Well, my lad, you are, indeed, a long, long way from home."

When, an hour or two later, I passed alone through the august portal made by these mountains, where only a few days before another mighty antiphonal service had been held—the guns of the Turks and Germans on one side and of the British on the other—I said to myself, as I had said to the Irish lad: "You are indeed a long, long way from home." And yet I was in the very homestead of America—the America that has written on its coins its trust in the God to whom Joshua built an altar "in Mount Ebal," and has dated them from the birth of Him who "wearied with his journey" sat by the well on this same mountainside, and said to her who gave him to drink: "Neither in this mountain [alone] nor in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father."

Sir George Adam Smith, in his geographical epic, describes the panorama of all Palestine to be seen from the summit of Mount Ebal. But within the horizon of the spiritual utterance made at the foot of this same mountain even the farthest lands of Christendom are visible.

Shechem, just beyond the grim portal (the city, no doubt, to which the disciples went to buy food while their Master waited for them at the well), was sound asleep that night after the months of wakeful nights of warfare at her gates—Shechem, that has taken the name Nablus, but has not, apparently, made full atonement for the wickedness of those "vain and light fellows" of ancient Shechem, who for threescore and ten pieces of silver slew threescore and ten sons of Gideon on the same stone (in order to have a monarchy instead of an oligarchy); for the curse of the tyran-

nical, bloody Ottoman "bramble" had been upon it almost to that very midnight hour. It is remembered, however, that the Master abode there two days, and, I doubt not, his spirit will find welcome there once more now that Allenby has torn the bramble up by its roots.

I could not find the path over the hill to the site of the ancient capital of Israel, where stood the "ivory house" that Ahab built along with altars to Baal, so I followed the road, deep with dust, around the foot of the commanding high place, and on to Jenin, near Jezreel. It is written that when Ben Hadad, King of Syria, was besieging this city of Samaria, he was "drinking himself drunk in his pavilions, he and the thirty-two kings that helped him." And this must have been the occupation of the German officers in this same region last year, for when I entered the house assigned

to our medical section which we installed that day at Jenin, a house hastily vacated but a few days before by German officers there were enough empty champagne and other wine bottles lying about to have made Ben Hadad and his thirty-two companion kings drunk in their emptying. How Ben Hadad in his condition "escaped on a horse," in the general slaughter, is not easily understood. Some of the German officers high in command of the Turks had the same narrow escape. Of the captured German under-officers and Turkish soldiers (of whom I met thirty-five hundred in the road just outside of Jenin) the Germans seemed well fed, but the Turks ragged, spiritless, and undernourished.

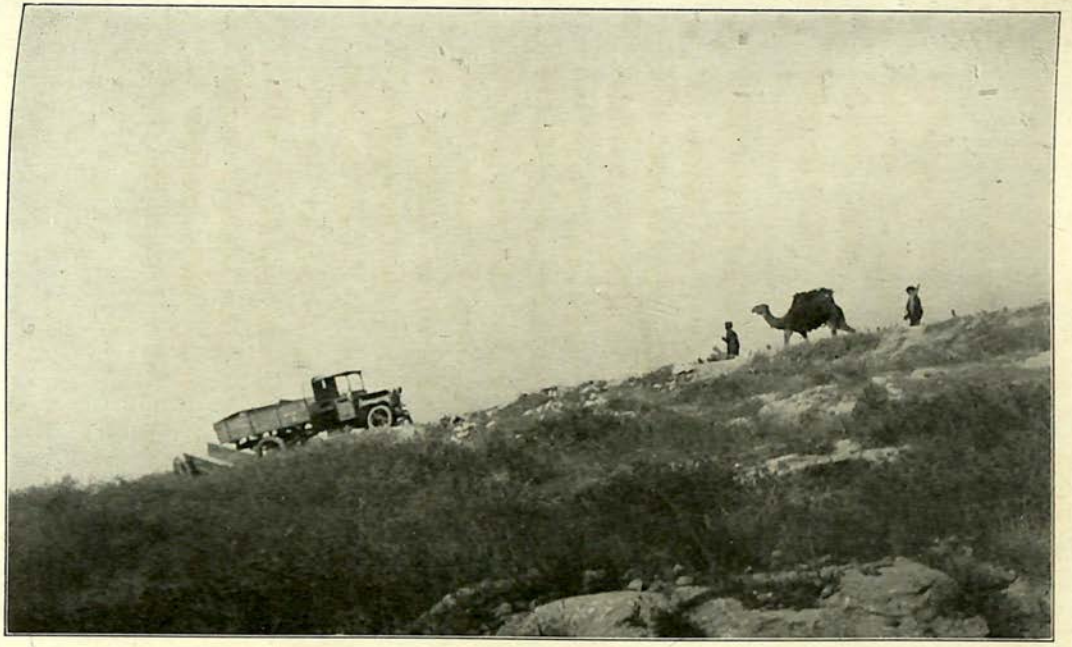
But in the very early morning, long before I reached Jenin, I passed across a plain which is in the remembered background of millions, even if its name has been forgot-

ten by many of them—the plain of Dothan, where Joseph, "the dreamer," found his brethren feeding their father's flock and where he was put into a pit and later sold to the passing Ishmaelites. He had come all the way from Hebron, expecting to find his brothers in Shechem, but had had to travel these miles farther, and perhaps a hundred in all, before he was seen "afar off" by his envious brothers, coming across this plain, where I, three thousand years later, happened upon a shepherd, in the same costume, no doubt, as that of Jacob's sons, leading his flock to the same pastures—for all these tens of centuries shepherds have been saying: "Let us go to Dothan."

Here it was, too, that the chariots of fire appeared on the mountain, at the edge of the plain, "round about Elisha." The chariot had but recently passed that way

again, and victoriously (as the "padre" of the Black Watch had confidently prophesied), and the road was filled with the wreckage of the fires they had dropped from the skies.

Not a hundred yards from one of these wrecks of a lorry of the most efficient and expensive type, bearing the German eagle upon it, I saw a native villager in the field, beginning to plough again, now that peace had come in the wake of these chariots of fire, but with a plough that was at least two thousand years behind the lorry in its mechanism—which led to a meditation, in that Samaritan dawn, on Christendom's letting the home-farm get on for centuries with agricultural implements of the most primitive type while sending into it within a few years tens of thousands of lorries, machine-guns, cannon, and aeroplanes of the world's destructive genius, and with-



Abandoned German lorry on hill just outside of Nazareth.

holding good seed from the sowing of its fields while sending tons of ammunition to plant in them and in deeper furrows than the peasant could turn with his scratching plough.

In Jenin, where I spent the day, I saw the British bringing order out of the Turkish chaos and German wantonness, feeding the prisoners of war, caring for their sick, burying their dead, cleansing the streets and purifying the waters. I saw, too, our own American Red Cross medical section installed in the house of German gluttony, with nothing left in it except the empty bottles and the German inscriptions on the walls. Then I slept for a part of the night on an improvised cot (thanks to the doctor) in one of the bare rooms, and, rising at two o'clock in the morning, found my way down through the rough and narrow streets of the sleeping town and, without challenge

by the drowsy Indian guards, out upon the plain of Esdraelon.

Two journeys of the scores that I have made on foot will always be put above all others: One, the journey of forty miles, from near Amiens to Dieppe, the night of the day on which the formal declaration of war was made by Great Britain (August 4, 1914), the night out of which I walked into the dawn of the day that woke all Europe to war; the other this journey across the plain of Esdraelon or Armageddon, in the night out of which I walked into the dawn of the Holy Land peace.

Of this journey I have written in the lines which follow this chapter, but even they fail to tell of the exalting experiences of that miracled night and, to me, ever-memorable morning in which I entered Nazareth—"Christ's home town," some Western paper is said to have called it, when announcing in great head-lines Gen-

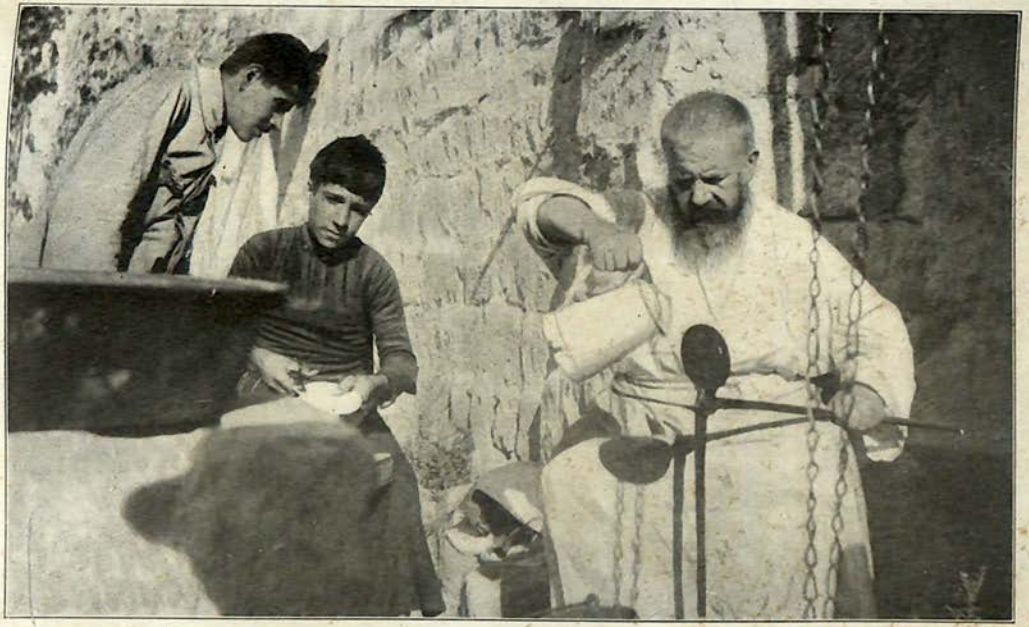
Carpenter and boy in Nazareth.

eral Allenby's taking of the little city. Irreverent this way of putting it seemed at first, but after all it stated, and in a homely, simple language that we use in our daily life (especially in these days of our returning boys) the essential fact which makes that city dear to the world. And it is here, as Renan has said, that the memorials of Christendom should rise rather than at Jerusalem, where Christ died, or even Bethlehem, where He was born, for here He lived through his childhood and youth and into manhood.

I shall ever consider it the greatest privilege and honor of my life that I was permitted, first of Americans—after the Army of Occupation and its attachés—and first of pilgrims on foot to enter this "home town" of the Christian world in this new epoch and to enter it wearing the sign of humanity's brotherhood, the Red Cross.

I shall leave the readers to find their

several ways through the steep and narrow streets (but if one desired a guide I should suggest Doctor Scrimgeour, of Edinburgh, who maintained a hospital there before the war, and who went back with me to it on another journey, for he knows every foot of Nazareth and has written of it; one's progress would, however, be slow, for the people would flock about their doctor, whom they all loved, Moslem and Christian alike). For myself, I asked a lad of beautiful face—such as the Master must have had—to show me the way to the Church of the Annunciation, where I found an English-speaking Franciscan brother. He was in a grotto back of the chapel making wafers (with the imprint of Christ's form upon them) for the altar. I was hungry enough to ask, as David did, for the very shewbread from the altar, but the brothers offered to share with me their



Franciscan brother (Sebastian) in a grotto back of the Church of the Annunciation in Nazareth, making altar wafers just after the occupation.

own ration of burnt-barley coffee and black bread. I wrote many years ago a tribute to a brother of Saint Francis, which I can now repeat with a deeper sense of brotherhood:

> "Priest of the white cord, thou and I
> Are brothers, though my prayers I cry
> Uncassocked, and 'neath fiercer sky
> Than daily bends o'er thee."

When I gave this chapter the title "To Dan," I hoped to reach Dan at the end of it. But I have met so many Biblical and other friends on the road that I have still many miles to go. Moreover, not far beyond Nazareth, in Galilee, I was unexpectedly caught up into a modern "chariot" and carried over Jordan and far beyond Dan. If the reader is willing to leave Nazareth (though for my part I cannot urge his going farther), I can promise him that

I will bring him back from beyond Jordan and not leave him as Elijah left Elisha, gazing at a receding whirlwind of dust in the land of Gilead or Moab.

XI

ARMAGEDDON

(Early in the morning of the 20th of September, while I was at the General Headquarters of the army in Palestine, the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Edmund Allenby, coming from the map-room, remarked, as accurately as I can recall his language: "I have just had word that my cavalry are at Armageddon. The Battle of Armageddon is on." I do not hold him responsible for the following exegesis of the chapter in the Book of Revelation, but, looking back upon that day, I can but think that this was the beginning of the end of the battle with the Beast.)

I'VE seen the Angel pour the sixth gold bowl
Off toward the great Euphrates, and I've seen
The unclean spirits issue from the Beast,
The Dragon and the mouth of him who posed
As Prophet—they who've led the whole wide world

"Together to the war of the Great Day";
For I have been in Armageddon's vale,
The Judgment Place, which John of Patmos saw
In his Apocalypse. There have I walked;
There seen the Dragon's bayonetted tongue;
There gotten this Beast blood-splotch on my boot;
There heard the Teuton-Baal Prophet cry
His blasphemy to stir a Holy War;
There seen the Allied Men on horses ride
Guided by "eyes that were as flame of fire"—
Swift as these flaming eagles did they ride;
Swifter than Barak from Mount Tabor's slopes
Rushing upon this plain; swifter than they
Of Gideon's band who swept upon Jezreel
From Mount Gilboa fronting this dread field,
Where kings and emperors through centuries

Have perished since the dewless, rainless
days
When these same circling mountains
mourned for Saul
And Jonathan, whom death could not
divide.
Stronger than lions of the wilderness
Were they, these sons of lions of the isles,
Smiting with all the righteous wrath of
God,
Striking with all the summoned might of
right.

. . . . . .

And after this sixth Angel had passed on,
On over Jordan to the desert's edge,
And still beyond to Bagdad's blistered
roofs,
Till all the blazing lava had been poured,
And Prophet, Dragon, Beast were taken all,
I saw another "standing in the sun"
At setting over Armageddon's vale,
Calling "the birds that in mid-heaven fly"

To come together to the supper spread,
The great, grim supper of the Mighty God,
Out on the plain from Kishon to Beisan,
Where there was neither cloth, nor flower, nor lamp,
Nor plate, nor knife—only the pecking beak
And tearing claw and hov'ring sable wing.

. . . . . .

That night I walked all night upon the plain
Whose loam was soft and grateful to my feet
Sore from the harshness of Samaria's hills—
Soft as the loam of that far prairie farm
I ploughed long, long ago; and black as that,
But black with tinge of crimson from the hills.
All night I walked alone, save for the dead
Begging for burial—these and the gulping birds.
No sound was there except of my own steps,

Or now and then the scratching at my knees
Of brambles of Abimelech's ill rule,
Or braying of the beast of Issachar
Between the sheepfolds, couching at his ease;
For dumbing death had stalked ahead of me.

. . . . . .

Then toward the dawn there shone a wondrous sign,
Such as Sir Bedivere when Arthur died
Beheld. From out Gilboa's rugged side
(Where Gideon had cried, "Jehovah's sword,"
And put to flight the hosts of Midian,
And Saul had seen the gleaming scimitar
The Witch of Endor's presage of his fate)
Was thrust what seemed a crescent Damask sword
The color of dried blood upon a blade;
Slowly, as slowly as a rising star,
'Twas lifted upward by an unseen hand

Until the coming of the morning light
Did hide it in a jewelled sheath as rich
And brilliant as an Arab ever wore.
I knew it was the dying, hornèd moon;
But had a sword been hanging in the sky,
'Twere not more like a sword than this red moon
That shone in symbol of its drawing forth
And then its sheathing in the new Earth-Peace.
There were the hideous wreckages of war,
There things lay stark that yesterday were men;
Naught else to tell that Armageddon's day
Had come—had come and gone!

And now there stood,
In clear command of all the placid plain,
The Mount on which He'd taught the world to pray,
And where He'd breathed into immortal life

The words of His divine Beatitudes,
Blessing those valiant ones who'd fought
for peace
And now were called by Him the "Sons of
God."

. . . . . .

Pausing to look at this e'er-haloed height,
I heard the sound of sacramental bells,
Or so they seemed, but were the desert
chimes,
Borne by the camels of a caravan
Bringing the answer of the Tabor prayer
To those who prayed: "Give us our daily
bread."
Across my pathway to the Nazareth
That was the village of the Prince of Peace
They passed.
The "thousand years" had been begun.

XII

BEYOND JORDAN

"BEYOND Jordan" has in it a suggestion to the imagination of distance—of infinite distance. Even when I came to see, morning after morning, from the Mount of Olives, the mountains of Moab or Gilead beyond the Jordan and to know that they were only twenty or thirty miles away, they still kept their distance, with their mystery as of infinity.

I remember, as with the memory of an apocalypse, these mountains once when they had all the semblance of celestial hills. I had gone with the Governor of Jerusalem to see the workrooms of the Russian pilgrims in the cloistered stone buildings that stood on the precipitous southeastern cliff of

the Mount of Olives. There we found these pilgrim women (who had been stranded in Jerusalem by the war) knitting, sewing, spinning in the long, bare, clean rooms of the one-time convent. Without stopping their work, they rose to sing their home church-songs, of moving pathos, and with such wonderful richness and range of voice that one could have easily believed them to be a choir celestial in the New Jerusalem, if one had not in the pianissimo passages heard the clicking of their terrestrial knitting-needles. Out through the narrow and low, deep-set windows I could see the mountains beyond Jordan in the late afternoon light. The infinite was upon the very near horizon of these very humble human tasks, for which the American Red Cross was incidentally furnishing the material to these grateful women.

Out on the prairies of Illinois one had

long ago, before the village or the city grew upon one's horizon, the sense of infinity, but at great distances. Here one had the feeling that eternity was looking in at the windows from across the ascetic and austere Judæan hills and over the kindly roofs of Bethany.

Almost anywhere in Palestine one has but to climb to a hilltop in order to see beyond Jordan (and most of the villages, for one reason or another, and this may have been one of them, climbed long ago to the hilltops or far up the hillsides and have continued to sit there). I have wondered whether the physical fact of living constantly in the presence of these mystical mountains and looking out upon them from the housetops did not in turn furnish one of the reasons for the rise of so many of the world's greatest prophets and religious teachers in that little area between these

mountains and the sea, the "hinter-sea," as Moses called it, which was for the inhabitants ever at their backs and seldom before their faces; for it was to the hills that they looked—to the mountains round about, upon which the angels of the Infinite One came down and walked as with beautiful feet even into their fields and streets and to the very doors of their tents.

It was, historically, in a valley just beyond Jordan or the Dead Sea, into whose never-overflowing laver the Jordan is continually pouring itself, that Moses was buried, though "no man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day," for God "buried also his grave." It was just beyond Jordan that the prophet Elijah was caught up by a whirlwind into heaven," and was not found, though "fifty strong men" searched for him three days, thinking that, peradventure, he had been cast "upon some

mountain or into some valley." It was over these same mountains, though perhaps farther to the south, that the prophet Isaiah in his august imagery saw one coming "with crimsoned garments from Bosrah." It was doubtless the heavens above them that were, in the Psalmist's glowing figure, the tabernacle from which the sun rose as a bridegroom prepared for his day's journey across the land. But some Hebrew poet must have thought of the long, low mountains themselves, when seen in their mingled colors shining like a veil or curtain stretched across the east, as the Tabernacle of the wilderness, for so they seemed to me many a morning, especially when a cloud hung over them as over the "Tent of Meeting," when the children of Israel were still wandering in the desert upon which Pisgah looked down in the land of Moab.

I was reluctant to go out into that region; not for the reason that the orthodox Jew fears to enter the Temple area in Jerusalem, lest he should walk upon the site of the Holy of Holies; but lest I should not, after all, find the Holy of Holies out there beneath the morning cloud or where I had often seen the mysterious moving lights by night as of "pillars of fire."

But, after weeks, I did at last venture to the edge of the outer court of the Wilderness Tabernacle, to the sand-dunes of the Jordan Valley that stood in the moonlight like golden boards which Bezalel and Oholiab had fashioned for the ancient tabernacle described in the Book of the Exodus (even to the "crown of gold round about," for there was a cornice, carved by the wind and the water, as perfect as could be wrought by "wise-hearted" workmen). I had gone with two American Red Cross

men in a Ford truck down to Jericho in the evening to carry a hospital outfit to an Anzac clearing-station out on the plain beneath the "Mount of Temptation." After delivering our ominous load—ominous of the advance in which there would probably be need of these appliances—we went into the city of Jericho (a squalid hell by day at that season of the year and a jasper heaven by night), and there left our truck as a cot for our Red Cross driver (and some day I hope a poet or prophet will preserve in immortal letters him and such as him and his Ford car and such as his car, which ploughing through the sands of the desert made possible the new conquest of Canaan). With the other of the two, an electrical engineer and aviator, who if summoned would not have hesitated to accompany Elijah in his chariot of fire, we went in search of the river, the river that runs

somewhere in the physical geography of everybody, and that runs in the spiritual geography of many, between life and death.

Not a human being did we meet or see as we passed, like Virgil and Dante, through the weird night landscape. Down, circle below circle, through the ghostly canyons we went. The inferno was having its midnight siesta. In one of these sand-canyons we came upon a cavalry camp, or so it seemed, horses, tents, and all; but, as we soon found, absolutely lifeless, pure camouflage. The horses, I may reveal, now that the war is over, were of the same material as the famous Trojan horse, but with no live soldiers in their interiors. Indeed, some disarranged blankets showed that they were such horses as carpenters use, only of larger size. Every object stood or lay motionless in the bright moonlight. Just to make certain that what seemed to

be a dog or a wolf crouching near the road was not a living Cerberus, I threw a stone at it, only to find that it, too, was made of wood. In my travels later I met a sanitary engineer who had been ordered to lay out this or a like camp, and when he had objected to its location, for health reasons, was told that it was to be occupied only by beings created by the imagination of the German aviators and the Turkish gunners. I had all the sensation of walking in a camouflage inferno, or of listening to passages of Dante, into whom my companion was transfigured.

But as I neared the rolling stream, the sound of its waters translated me instantly out of the Dantean into a Biblical environment. My young companion as instantly became the young prophet Elisha, and as we came to the brink of the narrow but tumultuous stream it had the appearance

of being divided, for in the bright moonlight there was a white path over it almost at the water's level, but what might have been the brown or black mantle of Elijah hung on either side (or was it the waters piled up "in a heap"?). At any rate we crossed the river dry-shod and were, before we quite realized it, "beyond Jordan."

There the Far East rose instantaneously out of the sands to challenge us, in the person and habit of a Ghourka guard, the first human being we had seen, though we were quite ready to believe him to be but an automaton or camouflage sentry rising in response to some hidden spring which our feet had unconsciously touched. At any rate, he let us pass without other countersign than the English "shibboleth" on our tongue. (And we were careful to say it using the accent of our English Gileadite brothers rather than our customary

American Ephraimitish pronunciation, for we remembered the fate of the Ephraimites who sought to cross the fords of the Jordan higher up and, not being able to "frame to pronounce" the countersign according to the Gileadite fashion, were straightway slain, to the number of "forty and two thousand," I afterward read in the record.

As I looked about me the mountains that had seemed so near the river when seen from Jerusalem, had receded; the plain with its scrubby trees stretched away toward their dim and diminished heights, which now looked like the "black tents of Kedar" rather than the golden tabernacle. Jackals were crying by the score or by the hundred, off in the wilderness. Were they the Lord's "howling for Moab," as Jeremiah prophesied?

After walking a little way out in the sand we made our way back and through

the bushes that hid the farther shore, baptized each himself in the turbid waters, impetuous and uncompromising as the Baptist himself, filled each his pilgrim-bottle with water for far christenings, and then, offering the material of incense to the Ghourka guard, again crossed the immortal river, walked up through circle upon circle of the silent inferno and across the plain to Jericho, and, travelling through the early morning hours over the rough purgatorial road, now free of thieves, reached by sunrise the prototype of the "heavenly city," the gate of "Paradiso," our own Jerusalem.

But when I again looked out from the summit of the Mount of Olives, the mountains beyond Jordan were as distant, glowing, and mystical as ever.

I had, however, early occasion to go again beyond Jordan, and this time into the very heart of these mountains. It was

when, after the British advance, we of the Red Cross were carrying back the first of the refugees from that region (those virile and stately people of Es-Salt, some of whom claim descent from the Crusaders) to their looted homes. This is again a Red Cross story that I cannot tell here, but incidentally in that night journey up through the awesome ravine, with the flashings of the guns in the skies above its black rims, I heard the sound of waters as of the fountain described by the prophet Joel that should water the "Valley of Acacias" (for that valley was somewhere in this region), and early the next morning I had from the top of a mountain near Es-Salt the same view that Moses must have had with his undimmed sight from a neighboring mountain of the land that was to him the land "beyond Jordan," a "land of hills and valleys," that "drinketh water of the rain of

heaven," a land upon which "are the eyes of the Lord from the beginning of the year unto the end of the year," but a land that was, that summer morning, parched and hungry and thirsty, with scant clothing to cover her shame, with poison in the dust of her feet, but with the vision of a new promise before her eyes, since the British with their Allies had just swept the enemy oppressor out of the land from the dim edge of the desert to "Lebanon with its rampart of snow." Down the ravine, that seemed awesome by night and sublime even by day, I passed during the morning, past the waters of Nimrim, doubtless into the very Valley of Acacias from which the children of Israel made their last day's march to the Jordan. And by a happy coincidence it was the Hebrew regiment that was guarding the valley, with men among them that were at one time students of mine in New

York City. Such poetically fit lines does history sometimes write when in the mood!

As I came down upon the desert plain again the thoughts that were uppermost were, however, of the man who had come crying out of this wilderness, in "raiment of camel's hair and a leathern girdle about his loins," who "while the sacred darkness trailed along the mountains," through which I had just come, could in the storm "hear the voice of Elias prophesying loud to Him whose face was covered by a cloud," who, in the lines of Arthur O'Shaughnessy, which I carried gratefully in my memory—

"Had not heard of the far towns,
Nor of the deeds of men, nor of kings' crowns,
Before the thought of God took hold of him,
As he was sitting dreaming in the calm
Of the first noon upon the desert's rim,
Beneath the tall fair shadows of the palm,
All overcome with some strange inward balm."

I could but remember, too, that on the very day of my night journey to the Jordan one who was sitting dreaming beneath a palm in Jericho had been beheaded by a Turkish-German shell, and for a Teuton cause not less unworthy than "for Herodias' sake, his brother Philip's wife"—an unholy cause which has kept foreign pilgrims from these banks for several years. But the beheading guns are silenced and, no doubt, the roads will fill again with the thousands from other lands carrying their shrouds to wash them in the Jordan against the day of their burial.

There is, however, another road beyond Jordan. It is the road through Samaria and Galilee to Dan, the road on which I stopped at the end of the last chapter to pay my homage to the "Man of Nazareth," and to let my reader follow his own interests in that sacred village. It is the road

which leads one to the Sea of Galilee and the upper reaches of the Jordan. The Master evidently sometimes followed the road along the farther side of Jordan on his way to and from Jerusalem; for it was there that He blessed the children; but his usual way must have been over the hills and valleys by which we have come. However this may have been, the way to the Sea of Galilee must have been the one most familiar to his feet as boy and man, and the view to the north, with its sweep from Carmel to Hermon, the most dearly familiar to his eyes, since it was toward the villages out over the northern rim that he was most often turning. It was over this ridge toward the northeast that I climbed from the well of the Virgin, where I filled my canteen, alongside the village women and children with their jars and the Anzac soldiers who were guarding its waters.

The light Standard Oil tin so commonly substituted for the heavy ancient earthen water-jar south of the old British lines had not come into use at the north, and the women and children were still carrying the same sort of jars as were doubtlessly used by Mary and her boy. In Cana, through which I passed two or three hours later, they keep, I am told (for I did not stop to see them) the jars in which the water was put the night of the marriage-feast, brought, no doubt, as I saw the women of Cana, bearing it in their jars, and from the same spring, no doubt, as that from which they had borne it that night up the long street, lined now on one side with orchards of figs and pomegranates protected by a cactus hedge, into the village. And they were as happy that day of my walk through Cana as at the wedding-feast of long ago, for their deliverance had come. The Anzac

cavalry were passing northward all the day, and immense camel-trains were resting in the fields beyond for their night journey. (If ever this book comes into the hands of any one of those fine, strapping Anzac camel-train officers, and he will send me their names, I promise him that their camels will follow them across the sands and the seas to their Australian homes). But it was to be the greatest day for Cana, if the modern Nathanaels sitting under fig and pomegranate trees and the fair women and happy children whom I saw in the streets but knew it, since the night of the marriage-feast, or the day when the nobleman of Capernaum sent to Cana to have his son healed; for before night of that very day the Deliverer of Palestine himself was to pass through the village. Well may the beautiful daughters of Cana offer pomegranates to those who pass, and the boys of-

Cana dance in the street (as they did when I was returning through the village, and as shamelessly as David danced before the ark of the Lord). The prophecy of Zechariah that the streets of Jerusalem should be "full of boys and girls playing in the streets" was being fulfilled even in Samaria and Galilee.

For one of the greatest joys of these journeys through these parts, as well as of my experiences in Judæa, was to see the joyful response of the children to the interest of those who are trying in a very practical way to bless them, as we would our own, realizing that of such as these, and not alone of such as our own, is the kingdom to be in the earth. Certain Nazareth children whom I saw at the fountain or at the mill, a handsome boy whom I saw at a wayside well in Samaria, and two shepherd lads out upon the hills of Gali-

lee, I should expect to be the equals of any of our New York State boys, if only they had such training as is open to every one of ours. Shall we, like Nathaniel of Cana, continue to ask the damning question concerning them, "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" when the angels of genius have from the open heavens rested upon the heads of so many children of that land in the past?

I have spoken (in the chapter on General Allenby) of the approach to the Sea of Galilee (or the Lake of Tiberias) of the entrancing view of the blue lake as seen from the Nazareth road. Here to hark back again to the tabernacle figure, is the great shining laver that stands between the altar and the Tent of Meeting. And if ever an altar rises for all Christendom to the Man of Galilee, it should be here upon these hills where He walked, looking across the

Two shepherd boys on the hills of Galilee.

sea and the plain (where Hiram of Tyre had cast the great "molten sea" for the Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem) toward the mountains that are the Tent of Meeting.

It is said that Christ never entered Tiberias, but doubtless it was for other reason than its heavy, suffocating air, down under the close-creeping mountains, six hundred feet or more below sea-level. I was not surprised to learn that many cases of cholera had been that very day found in the city by the British medical officers. I should be proud to tell of what the American Red Cross doctors and nurses and bacteriologists and those of the American Zionist unit did in co-operation with those medical officers to stamp out the plague promptly.

I slept that night on a terrace or roofless porch at the headquarters of the Military Governor, overlooking the sea. My bed

was a bare bench, but had it been a rack or a harrow I should have slept, I think, nevertheless, after my eighty-mile walk in the parts of two nights and of two days, with little sleep. If the king of fleas, who according to the Arab legend has his court there, held his revels on the terrace that night, I was wholly oblivious of the "activities" of his subjects, and rose at four o'clock refreshed for the ride to Damascus, for as I have already proudly related in the Allenby chapter, the Commander-in-Chief had invited me to accompany him and his staff on his first entry into that orchard paradise of the Arabs. In three automobiles, with an armored car for vanguard and another for rear-guard, we set out along the shore of the lake at sunrise, and in an hour or more had come down near to the "Waters of Merom" and had crossed the Jordan at "Jacob's Bridge";

View of the Sea of Galilee from Tiberias.

for here, the tradition is, Jacob passed when he was returning to his homeland from serving Laban fourteen years for his two daughters and six for his flock out in Haran. It is a steep and was a slippery way (for the autumn rains were just beginning in the Jordan valley) up the farther bank to the plateau on which we rode for two or three hours, the very plateau on which Saul had been blinded by the light out of heaven. My memory is of a light, growing more intense and dazzling, as we hurried across the plain, now through camps of Anzac cavalry, and now through desert places where Bedouins were searching in the fields for booty, on to Damascus, which I can see at this distance only through a cloud or halo of shining dust, with a shimmering, golden hill on the one side and a green, restful meadow, with trees, winding out across the desert on the other. I sus-

pect that somewhat of this remembered glamour was subjective, due to the consciousness of approaching this city of ancient Oriental splendor and treasures on this epochal day among the many eventful days of the centuries of its shifting empire.

When Feisul, the son of the King of the Hedjaz, had entered the city a few days before (three, I think it was), men threw themselves in front of his horse to be trod upon, or pierced themselves with swords or knives to show the intensity and genuineness of their joy—such scenes as I suppose will never be seen on the earth again. General Allenby, the Commander-in-Chief, who had made this picturesque entry possible, came himself unannounced and in as unostentatious and matter-of-fact a way as if it were all in the ordinary day's routine. But despite this lack of pageantry and pomp, it was the first day of a new epoch

for that old part of the world. An English colonel had been for the three days of the occupancy the acting governor of Damascus; on that day an Arab was installed as governor of his own people, after a Turkish reign of four hundred years. And it was all without ceremony. Feisul, with a group of his attendants, called upon the Commander-in-Chief at his room in the Victoria Hotel; an hour later, as Emir, Feisul was standing beneath the Arab flag on the Government House, and in another hour the Commander-in-Chief was making his way in his gray Rolls-Royce car across the dun plateau to the fords of the Jordan.

There is little that I can say of that day. Its detail, aside from its mighty significance, was commonplace enough. Companies of lancers rode through the streets. I was told that the shops were closed, but there seemed little excitement. There were forty

dead lying among the living in one of the hospitals, but that was because doctors and nurses and helpers had fled. There seemed to be no lack of food. And in the middle of the street I saw a sight which told me more than statistics—a man was selling fresh-cut flowers.

But I cannot leave Damascus without speaking of him who, next to General Allenby, I suppose, made possible this epochal day. It was a young Oxford don, an archæologist only twenty-nine years old, who bore the military title of "Colonel." I had weeks before wished to go to the Arab front, east and south of the Dead Sea, and chiefly to see this young scholar, who was Great Britain's representative in the staff of the King of the Hedjaz. There were reasons of state, however, for my not going. But by a happy fortune (the reverse of Mahomet's experience, for while I was not

permitted to go to the mountain, the mountain had come to me) the Arab front came to me in Damascus and more particularly this young *liaison* officer. At the hotel in Damascus General Clayton, of General Allenby's staff, entered the long dining-hall, accompanied by a man in the Hedjaz costume (with the golden octagonal head-band instead of the round and black band.

I asked our military attaché, Captain Yale, whom I had the pleasure to find there, whether this English-looking Arab or Arab-appearing Englishman (for he looked very much as President Wilson would have looked in his younger days if attired in the same costume) were by any chance the archæological officer whom I so much wished to see. My question was answered in a moment by being presented by General Clayton to "Colonel Lawrence," who asked if the seat next mine were occupied. As

happily it was not, I had unexpectedly a quarter of an hour for which I had been willing to cross a desert and undergo hunger, thirst, and peril. He told me much in those minutes that I have not permission to repeat; but that which was of especial human and dramatic interest was that he who had spent the three or four years of the war out there in this unexpected and surpassingly successful service, who had seen this new power rise out of the ruins of the ancient empires he had gone out, as I suppose, to unearth and study; who had, indeed, had a statesman's as well as a soldier's part in evoking it from the sands, who had himself, as governor of Damascus, for three days sat in the seats of Hazael, Darius, Antiochus, Tigranes, Pompey, and all the rest better known to him than to me, and who had, this gentle scholar, set machine-guns in the street after the cap-

Colonel T. E. Lawrence in Arab costume.

ture of Damascus, to prevent looting—that he, having finished this piece of work, was now, as he said to me, about to take off his Arab costume, put the shoes of western civilization on his bare or sandalled feet, and go back to his don's task again. We went out upon a little balcony of the hotel, after the luncheon (a luncheon which promised to be the best that I had had since I had reached Palestine, but which I forgot to eat) and there, with the government building in the background, over which the first Arab flag was flying in Damascus, I caught a view of this young student of the history of the past and maker of the history of the present—a view which should be precious to the world.

I had in this unexpected and eventful journey meanwhile reached Dan and gone far beyond it, but there was still a night's journey of the way to be traversed on foot.

I therefore asked the Commander-in-Chief to let me descend from the automobile on the farther side of the Jordan, on the border of the land of the tribe of Dan, that I might walk to where he had caught me up into his car, and so might touch with my feet every mile of the length and breadth of this sacred land and complete the cross which the intersecting paths of my pilgrimage had made.

It was my first night of cloud, and the road down into the Jordan and up from it was black, unlike the roads I had travelled in other nights. But it had, none the less, its memories, even if at times I had confusedly the impression of walking in some familiar place in the old black roads of the Middle West. And first of the agreeable memories that rose from this region was of Mahanaim, where the people of the neighborhood brought wheat and barley and

parched corn and honey and cheese to David (David, whom I again encountered on the road), just after Absalom had crossed to the other side of the Jordan. I wish I could remember the names of those who shared their food with me that night at Mahanaim, as the names of those who gave to David are preserved in the Book of Samuel, not that I could promise them such immortality of record, but, at any rate, thanks which will live as long as I. They were themselves not only sharing with me their food, which included fish from the lake, but were gathering all the barley they could find in the neighborhood to make barley-water for the cholera patients in Tiberias. If this village was not on the site of the ancient Mahanaim, it should have been. But I shall have no dispute with archæologists as to the sites of other ancient villages that are said to lie along

the way. I will let Chorazin and Bethsaida lie in the oblivion of the night's darkness. I will not even insist, though I should like to, that Capernaum once lay where I wished to see it lying in the first dim light that came across the lake. But Magdala remains by the sepulchre of all this departed past. The men and children were just rising from their sleep on the housetops, but Magdalene was already bearing water back from the fountain, for she had risen "early while it was yet dark."

My journey to Dan was ended (though I afterward went farther up the Jordan valley, along the western shore of the "waters of Merom and across the southern Lebanons to Tyre and Sidon and Beirut). The young man who had been my Elisha in the midnight walk to Jordan came out to meet me at my journey's end, and while he was preparing a simple meal for the both of us on

the shore of the Lake of Galilee, I had a morning bath in its waters. I was not disposed to say, as Naaman when he was told to go and bathe in the river Jordan: "Are not Abanah and Pharpar, the rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" To me the "waters of Israel" were soft and healing and satisfying. And if I could not only have borne back to my home the baptismal water of the Jordan, but, like Naaman, when he went back to his home in Damascus, "two mules' burden of earth" from the land through which the "waters of Israel" flow, I should use that bit of earth not for a grave, as many another has done, but for a garden that it might grow flowers such as I saw the vender offering in the streets of Damascus—such as would make the desert places in Judæa and Samaria and Galilee to blossom again as the rose.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO

"What though the Flowers in Joseph's Garden grew
Of rarest perfume and of fairest hue,
That morn when Magdalene hastened through
Its fragrant, silent paths?

She caught no scent of budding almond-tree;
Her eyes, tear-blinded still from Calvary,
Saw neither lily nor anemone—
Naught save the Sepulchre.

But when the Master whispered 'Mary,' lo!
The Tomb was hid; the Garden all ablow;
And burst in bloom the Rose of Jericho—
From that day 'Mary's Flower.'"

XIII

THE HOUSE OF MY PILGRIMAGE

I DO not know that the Psalmist when he sang of the house of his pilgrimage had in his thought this land of my pilgrimage from Dan to Beersheba, and from the sea to the river. In all probability he had not; but I cannot think of words more appropriate to write over its door-posts than these, for it was to me, as it has been for multitudes of others in the centuries since Abraham first sojourned in it, a "house of pilgrimage"—this land with its spacious porches and garden-terraces reaching down to the water on either side; with its courts, some of them adorned with palms, as was that in which Deborah

sat between Ramah and Bethel, when she judged Israel; and with its lofty chambers whose walls are covered with ever-changing tapestries, such as only the Orient suns can weave.

The descendants of Abraham, who were innumerable as the sands and "in multitude as the stars," even in the days of St. Paul's letter addressed to the Hebrews,—and happily preserved,—"confessed that they were pilgrims and strangers" in this land which was to them as the earth: and there have been many millions since, of other than the seed of Abraham, who, looking to a heavenly "house of many mansions," have found this the earthly prototype of that "other country": pilgrims and Crusaders; saints in age and children; emperors and shepherds; hermits and popes.

As I begin this last chapter I am again

of their number. I am setting out upon a second pilgrimage to this Holy Land in the wake of hundreds of thousands who have gone from other lands in other days, and among the very first of those from the New World in this new day. Since that night of my leaving Palestine, when an English airman flying over the plain of Sharon caught the German wireless that was prophetic of the end, the peace has come and I go back in no Crusader's peril but only with a Pilgrim's discomfort—back to the land which was to my migrant fathers as it was to Abraham a house of pilgrimage, and, as it was to Jacob, a "Bethel," a very "gate of heaven." One of my earliest memories is of hearing my father, who had reached the last step in that migrancy several generations long from the highlands of Scotland, as he sat by night in the only lighted room in a

square mile of prairie darkness singing this quaint migrant hymn:

"I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night,
Do not detain me for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!"

For he and those who went before him were "pilgrims" and not vagrants upon the earth. They had a destination before them in all their wanderings westward; indeed a predestined place awaited them, in their clear and confident Presbyterian faith, of which the Biblical "land of promise" was but the earnest.

But as I, beginning my second pilgrimage, see the buildings on the shores of my own land, that have been lifted till they seem veritable "mansions in the skies," dwindle and fade upon the horizon, and as I look

back with a summarizing consciousness of the achievements and aspirations of that land, which I have come to know from one shore to the other, I realize that after all it too is a holy land, full of holy places, of which we are often not aware until we see them from afar.

If I needed other than my own experience to tell me this, I should know it from the tongues of such as Jacob Riis and Mary Antin and Michael Pupin. I heard the last-named of these, the great scientist, and great poet as well, though I do not know that he has ever written a line of verse, tell one night of his conversation—on a visit to his native land, Serbia, which is lastingly to be thanked for giving him to us and to the world—with an aged Serbian who had returned from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and was describing the wearying incidents of the journey and the

agonizing joy of the day when he at last looked upon the Holy City. Pupin said to him: "Yes, Pilgrim, I can understand your ecstasy; for I, too, have gone on a pilgrimage to a holy city." "Where?" asked the Old Pilgrim. "In America," answered the Scientist. "But," said the Pilgrim, "there are no holy places in America." "Yes," replied the Scientist, "there are many." And then he told the incredulous Pilgrim of a place called Albany, in the State of New York, where Joseph Henry, his scientific divinity, had made the discovery of certain eternal forces and laws, as potent and immutable as the fire that burned in the unconsumed bush (like modern electricity) or the laws announced from Sinai.

America has its holy places, even if they are not always surrounded by the lights of candles—places where the Almighty mani-

fests Himself by some unmistakable sign, as in the movement of multitudes, or where the individual rises to the majesty of a god in some divinely done deed or where flesh becomes spirit in some undying utterance. Only to-day have I seen in Paris an Arab prince who turns to America to find incarnate a sacred principle that was first taught among those holy hills from which I rode by automobile and within a few hours, in my "beyond Jordan" journey, to his capital. And I have by me a fragment of a letter from the head of the Moslems in Palestine (the Moslems whom the Kaiser hoped to stir to a Holy War) ascribing to America as holy a function as can be fulfilled by any nation. I quote a bit of it with its thoroughly Calvinistic preordination preamble:

Those to whom He was well-disposed he made to do good; those pre-ordained to do evil, do evil.

This is the law of God in this creation, and no one can change his decrees. No one can dispute the fact known to God and confirmed by your noble history, O citizens of America, that out of compassion and charity He created you to do good to humanity, and has through you always accomplished good works, keeping you innocent of all evil-doing.

With such an imputed achievement and destiny America must indeed have its sacred places! God help us to be worthy of the ascription and keep us, in the words of the Mufti's prayer, "innocent of all evil-doing."

But the little land in which the Mufti guards the Holy Rock, in which the Ark of the Covenant so long resided, and in which the Cross of the Christian world had its foot near the Holy Cave, is to be forever the Holy Land. The bread of its sacrament has fed a world hungering for righteousness; the blood of its testament

has flowed through millions of cups to thirsty lips; the fire of its burnt offerings has kindled flames on altars innumerable. And to it for all time the feet of pilgrims will continue to go.

When I crossed France and Italy on my first pilgrimage, I could see without stretch of imagination the throng that went out in the Middle Ages from the fields and villages and cities along the very roads through which I passed, for it was the season of the year when, as Chaucer said in his "Canterbury Tales," "men 'gan to go on pilgrimages." Walter Besant has given us this picture of their going in the First Crusade: "With the first warm days of early spring the impatience of the people was no longer to be restrained. Refusing to wait while the chiefs of the Crusade organized their forces, laid down their line of march, and matured their plans,

they flocked in thousands to the banks of the Meuse and the Moselle, clamoring for their immediate departure. Most of them were on foot, but those who by any means could raise the price of a horse came mounted. Some travelled in carts drawn by oxen. Their arms were such as they could afford to buy. Every one, however, brandished a weapon of some kind; it was either a spear or an axe, or a sword, or even a heavy hammer. Wives, daughters, children, old men dragged themselves along with the exultant host, nothing doubting that they, too, would be permitted to share the triumph, to witness the victory. From the far corners of France, from Brittany, from the islands, from the Pyrenees, came troops of men whose language could not be understood, and who had but one sign, that of the Cross, to signify their brotherhood. Whole villages came

en masse, accompanied by their priests, bringing with them their children, their cattle, their stores of provisions, their household utensils, their all! While the poorest came with nothing at all, trusting that miracles, similar to that which protected the Israelites in the desert would protect them also—that manna would drop from heaven and the rocks would open to supply them with water. And such was their ignorance that, as the walls of town after town became visible on the march, they pressed forward eagerly demanding if that was Jerusalem."

The Meuse and the Moselle were mobilized for the rescue of nearer sepulchres, as I passed through their valleys, but the spirit of the Crusades was there as everywhere from these valleys to the far corners of Brittany and to the Pyrenees.

As I return on my second pilgrimage,

the nearer sepulchres have been recovered, and already thousands of pilgrims are on the way to visit them.

It is recorded that the cause of pilgrimage had an enormous impetus in the early eleventh century "by the conversion of the Huns who had hitherto barred the old Pilgrim Way." The twentieth century "Huns" no longer bar the way to the valleys of the nearer sepulchres, nor to the land of the far sepulchre, which these "Huns" hoped to hold through their Iscariot treachery in selling their Christ to the Turk.

And as I pass through redeemed France, across the old Pilgrim paths through the Alps, and down to the coasts of Italy to take ship for the Holy Land again, I find many eager to go upon the same pilgrimage as those of the Middle Ages, of varied tongues and creeds, Jew and Gentile (in-

deed, my companion is a noble Jew), who have "but one sign, that of the Cross [the Red Cross] to signify their brotherhood"; yet eager to go, not with a thought of selfish personal celestial salvation, but only for the earthly happiness and the immortal good of others—to heal and nurse and comfort, a new kind of crusading that has only kindliness for the ancient foes of those who bore a cross of narrower sympathy.

The Palestine to which I go on my second pilgrimage is a different Holy Land from that which was on the prairie horizon of my boyhood, though changed through the years by artists and writers and pastors and lecturers, down to Sir George Adam Smith; different from the land which on my first pilgrimage I saw from the Convent of St. Onofrio on the Janiculum Hill overlooking Rome, where I found some of the sheets of "Jerusalem Delivered" in Tasso's

own hand; different from the land which I saw one morning in the Ægean as I looked at sunrise eastward across the isle of Patmos. For I have seen with my own eyes its bare hills; I have passed through many of its squalid and huddled villages, and over its lonely roads; I have drunk of its broken fountains, I have knelt at its sepulchres with their tinselled and faded mementos; I have seen the procession of sad-faced women burden-bearers, the multitude of its joyless children without hope of a kingdom of heaven here upon the earth, the cumulative misery of centuries of misrule and oppression, and the ugliness of its religious jealousies and hatreds, but I go back to it with an even deeper and more reverent "passion of pilgrimage" than before, and with a hope not merely of the restoration of its glory by the washing away of the putrid dust of centuries,

but of the enhancing of that ancient glory by what the nations can bring afresh of their "glories and honors" into it.

And I go at an expectant, crucial moment in the civilization which takes its name from the land to which I am going. The nations of the earth are gathering around the peace-table this very day, the first day of the week which these same nations or most of them have kept, in name at least, as a holy day in memory of a certain memorable morning in Jerusalem. I can all but see the place of their initial meeting from my windows, and the uppermost wish in my thought, as I hear the commonplace sounds of the street rise about me and look out over the myriad roofs, is that this peace conference might have been held out in Palestine, despite all the physical discomfort it would have involved (even if such discomfort is not

to be compared with that of the millions of peacemakers who have fought for it from the North Sea to Bagdad).

I wish that the nations through their delegates might have assembled in this land which was the common homeland of their civilization, and made its sacred plateau their table:

There where the East and the West meet in the Near East and the Near West:

There where Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim might look down with their antiphony of national curse and blessing upon those who take part in this conference:

There where from the desert border to the south the commandments of Sinai might be heard afresh, face to face, with their original sanction, and with the remembrance of the fate of those who worshipped the golden calf and of those who drank its golden dust—the commandments that are at the foundation of all states, and should be remembered in all the relations of states one with another:

There where was added the new commandment "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" than which, with the first, "there is none other commandment greater":

There where was proclaimed with godlike authority the doctrine of human brotherhood and world neighborliness and the beatitude, "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God."

There where in the humblest of places the event occurred from which all the years of our calendars are counted—for it is "the year of our Lord" in which this World Congress assembles.

There where the noise of making things and the tumult of doing things have not yet come to disturb the silences of the eternal processes or to make inaudible such a voice as that which Elijah heard on Horeb.

There where is ever consciously present

the "good-will of Him who dwelt in the bush."

And to this wish there was added a second, that, as Abraham digged a well in Beersheba in witness of the contract of peace which he made with Abimelech, a well that became as a "fountain of gardens" in the midst of the desert, so this little land stretching away from the well of Beersheba to the fountain of the Jordan in Dan, might at the conclusion of the world peace become a permanent witness, in its returning and enhanced glory, to this peace written by the spiritual descendants of Abraham who are greater in number now than the countless stars in the Palestinian skies, for Jew and Christian and Mohammedan, all look back to him as their father and to Moses as their Lawgiver.

As it is, since the peace is to be the

"Peace of Paris" or the "Peace of Versailles," and the first wish cannot be literally realized, the second rises to take its place—the wish that even if the terms of this peace cannot be written on this plateau for a table, in the "City of Peace" (which is the meaning of the word "Jerusalem"), these terms may yet have this witness and confirmation: that wells shall be digged, both literally and figuratively, in the dry places of that land, and that it shall be made to illustrate in the small that which the nations wish to see pervade the whole earth.

And this "eternal excellency" is to be realized, as I believe, by making it an international reservation within the circle of the whole earth, even as a great park is set apart within the bounds of a single country—a reservation holy unto the cause of the human brotherhood proclaimed there

two thousand years ago by one who never travelled beyond the horizon that could be seen without glasses from the top of Mount Ebal on a clear day, a reservation so small that its beautifying and enriching and enhaloing would be no greater financial burden for the nations gathered at the Conference than is the maintenance of Central Park with its Natural History and Art Museums by the people of New York City, or of the Lake Front parks of Chicago with their buildings devoted to art and science and education and recreation by the people of that city.

It could be made a land of entrancing beauty with its range of flora extending, in the width of Long Island (to visualize its narrowness to Americans) from that of the subtropical plain, through that of the temperate-zoned mountains, down to that of the tropical valley more than a

thousand feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea—if only water were abundantly available at all seasons. When Moses looked out upon it, remembering the waterless wilderness and back of that the land of Egypt, where nothing grew except by irrigation, he said, "It is not like the land of Egypt from which ye came out where thou sowedst thy seed and wateredst it out of thy foot as a garden of herbs," but a land whose blessing—the blessing of the rain which literally contains in its drops all the other physical blessings to mankind—was the rain given in season, "the former and the latter rain"; and whose curse was the lack of rain.

Jeremiah's "Rhapsody of the Drought" is the most eloquent of that curse:

They sit in black upon the ground. . . . Their nobles send their little ones to the waters; they

come to the pits and find no water; they return with their vessels empty; they are ashamed and confounded and cover their heads. Because of the ground which is chapt for that no rain hath been in the land, the ploughmen are ashamed, they cover their heads. For the hind also in the field calveth and forsaketh her young, because there is no grass. And the wild asses stand on the bare heights; they pant for air like jackals; their eyes fail because there is no herbage.

"The chief thing in life is water," said the ancient son of Sirach in his Wisdom Book, "water, bread, and a garment to cover shame." And after walking over the thirsty hills and through the valleys whose streams were turned to pitch I could understand why water was put before bread in the list of the chief things, and why Jeremiah wrote so eloquently of the waterless days.

I heard often the sound of the grinding

in the house as I passed through the streets of the villages; I have occasionally seen the line of children at the public oven with their flat loaves of barley (such no doubt as the five which the boy of the miracled multiplying of the loaves had) waiting in turn for the baking; and I know with what difficulty whole villages find the patched garments to cover their shame. (In Hebron, I saw a girl, one day as I was passing, with nothing but a piece of gunny sack to cover her, and in Cana I remember seeing two lads of twelve or more without even this protection). But water is the chief thing, beyond either bread or clothing. The one characteristic universal figure in Palestine is the erect woman with the water-jar upon her head (replaced, as I have said, in some places by the lighter if less picturesque Standard Oil tin), or the bent man with the goatskin upon his back (though he is

now giving over his long-distance carrying of water in some places to the iron pipe).

One appreciates, too, in travelling through this land, in the summer at any rate, why the prophecies of the "Great Restoration" all had visions of streams or of pools of water in them; why the British in their restoration of it began by carrying water first from the Nile to its borders and then from the springs beyond Bethlehem to Jerusalem; and why a river of pure water is made to run through the heaven of the Apocalypse in the ultimate Restoration.

Palestine has its annual rainfall of thirty inches or thereabout, but every drop of this rain falls within less than one-half the year. In the other half there is no rain at all. The storage of water for these lean, dry months—delightful as they must be when they first come, when the winter is over and gone and the rains are past and

the voice of the turtle is heard in the land —becomes the supreme problem of the land, for without a vision which has in it a water-supply the people perish.

I have not as yet seen Palestine in its wet season, but it must have been toward the end of that season, when even the hills of the Jordan wilderness are abloom with myriad flowers, that Moses saw it as a literal "land of promise." I wonder how it could have seemed such a land if he had looked upon it as I saw it in August, 1918, from near Nebo, when its barrenness glistered in the sun and the Britishers, "strong and of good courage," who were fighting like Joshua to possess it, panted for the water-brooks of their island home. And yet that land became a veritable "land of promise," a "house of pilgrimage" for the greatest events in a thousand years of the earth's history.

And if such genius as enlarged by millions of acres the fertile parts of the Nile Valley, or built the Roosevelt Dam, or digged the Suez or the Panama Canal, or has made the Mesopotamian Valley to become fruitful again (as if Eve, driven from her Paradise, and beyond child-bearing age, were readmitted and given promise of a new progeny), if such genius from the several nations were to offer itself (and what genius would not?) to impound the water or to pass through the valleys of Baca and make them wells, or to carry, like King Hezekiah, the living streams underground but in iron tubes, into which (to modernize the ancient figure of sword and ploughshare) the gun-barrels might be beaten and made serviceable in other trenches—if this consecrated genius were to undertake this service, the gardens of this land might be made perpetual, its orchards be made, like Joseph

in Jacob's blessing of his children, ever "fruitful boughs by fountains," and its maritime plains flecked black with shadows of groves of orange and almond trees as "flocks of goats that lie along the side of Gilead" (even in 1918 I saw one grove of 30,000 trees upon this plain), while fields would grow again with barley or wheat, descendants of the wheat that once grew wild there and became the mother of the domesticated wheat-fields of the Dakotas and Argentine, like the people who once filled the hills and plains about and have become domesticated in all the fertile parts of the earth.

I do not know that the geologist could find materials among the Judæan hills for such walls as John saw in his Apocalypse, but again I know that the geological, engineering, architectural, and artistic genius of these nations could and would find the

quarries of these stones, fashion them, adorn them, and carry them to embody there this vision, or one which will better translate a heavenly city into an earthly habitation and keep it as clean as the streets which St. John saw, "as of transparent glass," though no earthly municipal reformer could let them be paved with gold.

It is a happy though modest augury of the coming to pass of such a translation or municipal transfiguration that already the Governor of Jerusalem not only has plans, as I have said, for giving the Inner City a worthy setting among the hills but also has begun its cleansing. There are special sweepers now to keep clean the "Via Dolorosa" which the world has shed enough tears in its memory to wash as the "very heaven for cleanness."

For more than a "house of pilgrimage" this land is to be, more than a "highway

. . . and a way," as Isaiah prophesied it would be, and as it has been for those who pass from one continent to another; more than a place of sojourners, symbolic of a celestial "other country"; more than a round of shrines whose visitation will procure special heavenly privileges and release from earthly duties; more than a place of penance. It is the ground on which to visualize in the earth the dreams of the civilization gathered at the peace-table, to show a practicable internationalism, not a nebulous thing, but a working model to which the East may look up from one side and the West from the other, and find themselves, in looking toward the same thing, brought into consciousness of a practical planetary brotherhood. The country is so small (for I am thinking only of the land west of the Jordan and south of the Litany River) that even the twelve tribes

could not squeeze themselves into it; and yet it is so large in its significance that all the nations can find a place for their glory and honor in it.

We are, in our promotion of the theory of self-determination, encouraging the division of the earth into smaller and more numerous aliquot parts. It is an essential complement of this that somewhere there shall be symbolized the supreme international planetary whole of which these are but confessed national fractions. And where in all the world can a place be found more fit for this visualization than this spot, where this civilization has had its greatest prophets and noblest teachers?

I should be presuming in suggesting the fate of this land (being an American, whose country had no direct part in its redemption) if I did not feel that through a long line of pious ancestors it became a part

of my own heritage. I am sure, moreover, that somewhere in that line I should find at least one ancestor who was buried with his legs crossed, if indeed he did not lie on the same hillside as the graves that I saw on Ramah, and the Mount of Olives and at the foot of the last hill outside of Jerusalem on the Jaffa Road. In any event they who have in these late years and in the long centuries before them died there as Crusaders would give approval to my suggestion, if their "speech could whisper out of the dust"—a dust so valiant when breath was in it, and so potent when its breath had departed, that, if one but touched it, one would, though dead, be restored to life as was the dead Moabite when thrust into the sepulchre of Elisha.

This little land should be kept as an "internationalized" reservation, I repeat. Perhaps a better word would be "mutual-

ized." This suggestion comes from a recent experience of mine in being called upon to act as one of three trustees to vote the majority stock of a great American insurance company in its "mutualization," a plan under which all the policyholders become collectively the company, after paying a reasonable price for the stock to the stockholders who by inheritance or purchase came into its possession, and then make it the common property of all those who through the insurance of their lives have an interest in it. So the nations might equally "mutualize" this land by paying a fair price to its present stockholders, whoever they may be, and then keep it for the benefit of all who have a spiritual life interest in it, making certain so far as that is humanly possible that "nothing unclean" enters it (even to the putting out of the uncleanliness there) nor "any person

that maketh an abomination"—such as the Germans for example have made there in some of their professed piety—"or a lie."

I am not concerned that this "internationalized" or "mutualized" reservation (the "old homestead" of civilization, the "abandoned farm" of a wide-spread family of nations) shall give support again to three or five or more millions of people by its recovered fertility or its stimulated industry. When the Devil, looking out over these very hills, offered to do that very thing by making stones into bread, the answer was that man was not to live by bread alone. If it were merely and solely a matter of raising more barley and wheat and fruits and vegetables, or of planting and nurturing again the orchards and groves of figs and olives and oranges and pomegranates, or of covering the hills with flocks and herds, I should not invite the thought of a reader

to leave his Iowa farm, his California groves, his New York orchard, or even his New England garden; though I hope nevertheless that the land will be made to "blossom again as the rose." I should leave, however, the temporal interest of the agriculturist and the horticulturist and the florist and the advice of their experts to look to that development.

Nor am I concerned that God should do, as John the Baptist intimated to those who boasted that they looked to Abraham as their father, He was able to do: raise up from the stones of that same valley upon which the Mount of Temptation looks down enough new sons to give the land the population which it is estimated the bread made from the fertilized stones could support. Though again, I should like to see gathered in happiness there as many sons of Abraham as can in such a

sympathetic environment serve humanity better than through the nations whose life their genius has penetrated and permeated. I have long believed and often said that the Jew, by reason of this very penetration and permeation of his genius and the universality of his experience, was fitted above others to help the nations reach that internationalism, of practice as well as of spirit, through nationality. Perhaps in this their ancient homeland they will have a greater opportunity to promote this desired and much-sought end; but, as I believe, it is not to be by going alone, by segregating themselves from the nations they have helped so marvellously to make, and becoming again a "peculiar people" and a separate nation. Their mission even in going back to their homeland is, as I believe, to internationalize, not to intensify and extend nationalization.

A Homeland? Yes! But an international Homeland; one which gives welcome to every earth-child who turns toward its holy hills with a pure heart and with clean hands—not one which narrows sympathies or accentuates differences of race or creed—a Homeland whose tenantry shall be primarily those who, like the families of Gershon, Kohath, and Merari of old, care for the sacred things of humanity, which must now include the utensils of democracy—not a Homeland to be peopled by persecutions or pogroms of other lands, for these can no longer exist, but a Homeland repeopled by its own appeal to a humanity seeking not personal salvation nor ease nor pleasure, but a higher common experience and an "eternal excellence."

I cannot think of a better guide, as I have said, for this tenantry or a better trustee for the nations, till out of their

varied faiths and longings the people of this land find their own self-determined machinery of government, than the country of the Joshua who redeemed it—than the country of "Allah-Nebi," or, as it is in its English form, Allenby.

For America I have toward this Holy Land only this hope, that the spirit in which she entered the land through her agencies of mercy may unselfishly persist, and that in this spirit she may liberally, generously, disinterestedly give to the aid of those who shall be the Holy Land trustees. For this hope I find a concrete expression out of my own experience on the hill overlooking the Holy City.

I was roused by a clamor of bells—just outside my window it seemed. Where I was I could not for the moment determine —in Princeton, in New York City across the street from St. Luke's, or in Albany

on my sleeping-porch beneath the State Street Church bell. But this bell or group of bells was different in voice. I found myself in the Patriarch's cot, on the Mount of Olives, and, leaping to the window, I saw it was a priest in the tower among the cypresses summoning to the early mass. His rather primitive chime-tune had its climax in a wonderfully beautiful and rich tone (like that of one of the Russian singers in the New York church in 97th Street), which, I found afterward, had come from the bell-tower of the Russian church, the Church of the Ascension, near by.

I dressed hastily and hurried to the chapel across the court, where two priests were already intoning an antiphonal service. Soon Russian sisters, pilgrims, detained in Jerusalem by the war, began to slip quietly, almost stealthily in, with their white kerchiefs caught tightly under their

chins—the meekest, most docile, but determined bodies I have ever seen. They not only crossed themselves assiduously, but bowed repeatedly touching the stone floor with their foreheads. Later (for the service lasted two hours) refugee women from the city of Es-Salt beyond the Jordan —large, handsome women of finely, strongly moulded faces and of regal bearing—came striding in, unabashed that they were (or some of them) in their bare feet. One carried a child astride her shoulder with as great grace as a Madonna. There was no bowing to the floor. Then came the Es-Salt men, of the strongest faces and sturdiest bodies seen in Palestine, their white head-dress crowned with a black aureole. They stalked with their heavy shoes to the very front of the altar and bowed before the priests or made their circuit of the sacred emblems with as little

self-consciousness as if they were in their black tents just outside the convent walls, or out in their Moab hills.

A sacristan, seeing that I was a stranger, brought me a little square of carpet on which to stand or kneel, and then a chair, which I could not take, according to our Western standards, while the women stood. About twenty of the Russian women gathered in a group in front of the altar and sang most impressively their simple recitatives and choruses. Among them were women of astounding voices. I said that the Russian women were all meek in appearance. There was one exception. A woman of sharp, eager face, as of a zealot, with a gray shawl over her head, seeing me standing near the door, approached me and said in rather sharp voice (speaking in French) "*Quelle croix?*" (What cross?) I did not at first understand the import

of her inquiry, though I realized that she was putting to me an all-important question: "*Quelle croix?—grecque ou latine?*" ("What cross do you make, that of the Greek Church or of the Latin Church?") My answer was, "*La Croix Rouge*" (the Red Cross), the sign of mercy universal, the symbol not of a creed, nor even of a Christian faith, but of human kinship and brotherhood.

And in Palestine, of all lands in the earth, where religious partisanship is, perhaps, most bitter, where the world's alms have been asked for the sake of Abraham, Christ, and Mohammed—here above all other places need to be invoked and here above all other places should the nations find the common ground for the expression of their most exalted common ideal.

Palestine does not now seem to me so far away. It is just over the edge of the

horizon. The sun now comes up always for me over the mystical mountains of Moab and walks with shining sandals upon the waters of the Dead Sea, where I saw it so often from the Mount of Olives, which is also known as the "Mountain of Light." The sun now goes down always in the glory that hangs over "Jerusalem the Golden." The crescent moon will always have beneath it the dome of the Mosque of Omar that stands near the site of the Temple of Solomon. The stars, since my journey by night from Beersheba, will always be those that Abraham was unable to count, and the twilight shadows will always be those that gather in the Valley of Kidron about the Garden of Gethsemane.

It is this land that I should like to put upon every horizon.

XIV

A LA TERRE SAINTE

AS some gray pilgrim of the Middle Age
(And I am of the middle age myself,
That age when all is mystical—or else
All practical—when truth of spirit seems
More real than all the buoyant world of youth,
When ever on the known's dim edge one dwells,
Ever in conscious awe of what's beyond.
That age when seen things are but counterpart
Of things unseen, or else the memory
Of something that has been—the happiest age

Of man and life, unwithered yet of time
Yet free of all youth's blinding loves and hates),—
As some gray pilgrim of the Middle Age
I face each risen day, or bright or dull,
Tempestuous or calm, and pray my soul
Long leagues upon the way that souls must take
Before they reach the far and fair Terre Sainte
Whose shadow-bounded stretches we divine
But in our longing for immortal life.

. . . . . .

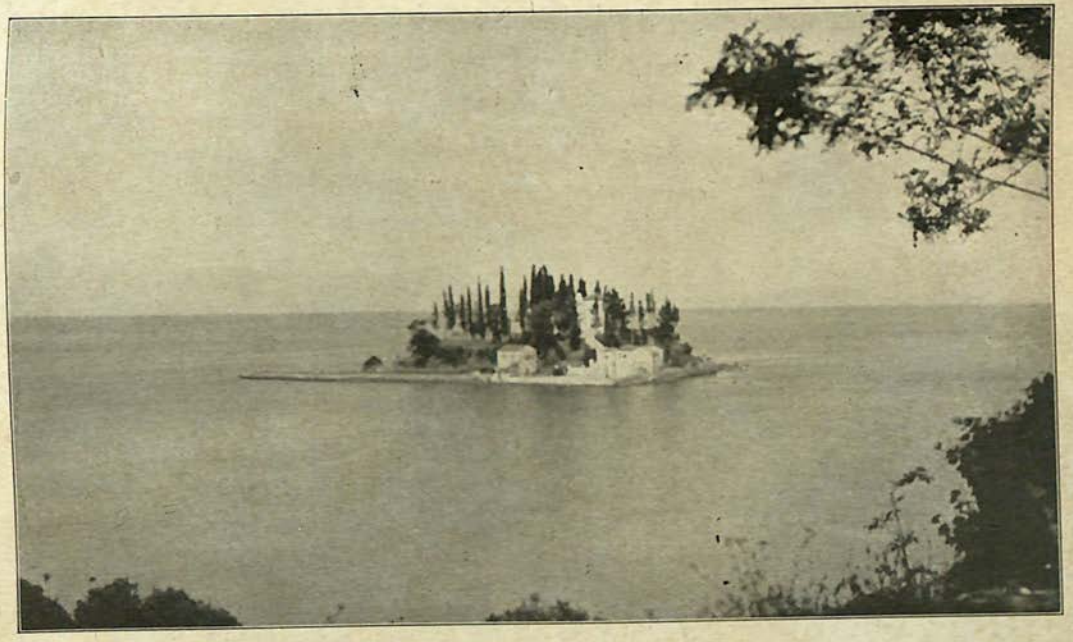
'Mid dust of earth, in heat and cold and rain,
O'er far-horizoned heights, through narrow vales,
Accompanied of glowing sun, or cloud,
Of one clear star or of the 'circling host,
My body journeys on through aging time,

But not to find an empty, open tomb
As one who sought the Asian sepulchre,—
I seek the Kingdom of the Risen one,
Within:—Long, long and toilsome is the
way,
Unceasing must the struggle onward be,
But there's no other way à la Terre Sainte,
A la Terre Sainte!

XV

ODYSSEUS' BARK

O DREAD Poseidon
Who didst turn to stone
Odysseus' bark
And anchor it
Beside the lovely isle
Where goddess-like Nausicaa
Still plays at ball
'Mid shadows violet
With her shrill maids,
Loose thou this ship,
With sombre cypresses for masts,
With dark monastic cells
For cabins, and the close,
Abloom, for deck!
Loose it, I pray,



Odysseus' Bark.

From its long anchorage
And let it take me back
To my loved Ithaca—
An island grown to continent,
America,
Lying beyond the seas
That are "the baths
Of all the Western stars."

Corfu, 1918.

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